

From The Christian Observer.

*Patrick Hamilton, the first Preacher and Martyr of the Scottish Reformation: an Historical Biography, collected from original Sources.* By the Rev. Peter Lorimer, Professor of Hebrew and Exegetic Theology, English Presbyterian College, London.

If it were for no other purpose than that of marking the different modes by which the providence of God was pleased to prepare the way for the introduction of evangelical light in the various nations of Europe, which had for ages been overshadowed by the thick gloom of Papal error and superstition, works such as this before us must be regarded with special interest by all who have any just appreciation of the blessings which the Gospel imparts to mankind.

But the work of the Hebrew Professor of the Presbyterian College in London meets a still higher purpose, and gives a graphic and encouraging description of one who was indeed "a burning and a shining light;" who passed as a meteor across the dark sky of the northern portion of our isle, and yet left behind him trails of his course never to be obliterated, and effects of his brief but energetic ministrations, which issued at length in the subversion of Popery, and the establishment of the Reformation under the sterner and more protracted labors of John Knox.

Patrick Hamilton was the proto-martyr of the Scottish Reformation. The researches of our Author have thrown considerable light upon certain portions of his history, which enable us to form a more correct judgment of the character of this youthful pioneer in the cause of Christ, than could be gathered from the few and scanty documents which meet the eye of the reader in the pages of John Foxe, of Archbishop Spottiswoode, and other ecclesiastical writers. Nearly all that was known of him was gathered from the pages of the old indefatigable Martyrologist, to whose zeal and industry we are indebted for a mass of information nowhere else to be found, and which, but for him, would long ago have perished from the memory of mankind. We do not wonder that the name of Foxe is held in such abhorrence by the apol-

ogists for Rome; nor do we think it yet held in the honor it deserves, by the maintainers professed or sincere, of a purer faith.

Before we proceed with the examination of the work before us, we will give the account furnished by Hume of the subject of this biography:—

"About the year 1527, Patrick Hamilton, a young man of a noble family, having been created Abbot of Ferne, was sent abroad for his education; but had fallen into company with some Reformers, and he returned into his own country very ill-disposed towards the Church, of which his birth and his merits entitled him to attain the highest dignities. The fervor of youth, and his zeal for novelty, made it impossible for him to conceal his sentiments: and Campbell, Prior of the Dominicans, who, under color of friendship and a sympathy in opinion, had insinuated himself into his confidence, accused him before Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's. Hamilton was invited to St. Andrew's, in order to maintain, with some of the clergy a dispute concerning the controverted points; and after much reasoning with regard to justification, free-will, original sin, and other topics of that nature, the conference ended with their condemning Hamilton to be burned for his errors. The young man, who had been deaf to the insinuations of ambition, was less likely to be shaken with the fear of death; while he proposed to himself, both the glory of bearing testimony to the truth, and the immediate reward attending his martyrdom. The people, who compassionated his youth, his virtue, and his noble birth, were much moved at the constancy of his end; and an incident which soon followed, still more confirmed them in their favorable sentiments towards him. He had cited Campbell, who still insulted him at the stake, to answer before the judgment-seat of Christ; and as that persecutor, either astonished with these events, or overcome with remorse, or, perhaps, seized casually with a distemper, soon after lost his senses, and fell into a fever, of which he died, the people regarded Hamilton as a prophet as well as a martyr." (Hist. of England, ch. xxxii.)

This is, perhaps, as favorable a portrait as we could expect to see from this cold, phlegmatic, and skeptical artist. It gives the impression of an amiable, yet brave and inflexible mind, which neither blandishments nor

terrors could subdue; and the truly enlightened Christian will not fail to discern, even through the chinks of the historian's flippant skepticism, the vital principles of that faith which sustained the youthful martyr amid the flames of persecution, and in the agonies of death. Hume in acknowledging that "he had been deaf to the claims of ambition," bears unconscious testimony to that Christian humility of the youth, which nothing but Divine grace can inspire; and in the concession, that he was "less likely to be shaken with the fears of death, while he proposed to himself both the glory of bearing testimony to the truth, and the immediate reward attending his martyrdom," we have evidence that the historian was beginning to find himself out of his depth in a subject on which he had nothing to guide him but the glimmering taper of a "philosophy falsely so called;" otherwise, his reasoning would have been, not that the young man was destitute of ambition, but that his ambition had taken a new and peculiar turn; namely, the glory of bearing testimony to the truth, and of reaping the honors and rewards of a martyr's death. This, however, is but an example of the way in which philosophical historians are wont to write what is palmed upon the world as authentic History.

The volume under review, however, corrects the illusions under which writers of a more popular class would present Patrick Hamilton to the world. Before his time the Gospel trumpet seems to have given no certain sound in his country for many ages. He was born in the year 1504, either in Glasgow itself, or within the Diocese of Glasgow. He was of noble birth, and connected on his mother's side, with the Royal Family of Scotland; his father, Sir Patrick Hamilton, having married Catherine Stewart, "born a princess of the Royal blood." The father was distinguished as the most chivalrous of all Scottish knights, at the time when chivalry had reached its culminating point; and amusing incidents are recorded by the Author, of his prowess in single combat. At length Sir Patrick fell a victim to the rashness which the spirit of the age infused, and lost his life in an encounter against fearful odds, to which he had been provoked by one who had dared to call his courage in question.

The son inherited the bravery without the

impetuosity of the father, and applied his courage, as well as other rare qualities of mind and heart, to far nobler purposes. No particular record remains of the manner in which his boyhood was spent, nor of the kind of education through which he passed in his native land. It is fair to presume, from his birth and connections, as well as from his subsequent proficiency in the literature of the age, that it was the best his country could afford. As he was destined for the clerical profession, he was appointed, according to the practice of the age, even while an infant, Abbot of Ferne. We have incidental proof of a most affecting kind, that he had the advantage of the example and influence of a pious mother, who survived him, and to whom he cherished the most devoted filial attachment; commending her with his last breath, when expiring at the stake, "to the sympathy and care of his friends and kindred"—"a most touching testimony," as our Author observes, "to the affectionate solicitude with which she had watched over his early years, and how indelibly she had stamped her image and memory upon his heart."

After a few pages spent in tracing the various noble and literary characters of the circle by which Patrick Hamilton was surrounded from the period of his birth, the Author proceeds to speak of him in the following words:—

"Brought up in the midst of, and continually surrounded by, a circle of relatives so distinguished in rank and refinement, and adorned by so many manly virtues, and scholarly accomplishments, it is no wonder that we should be told by our historians, that the first Reformer of Scotland was distinguished for his high breeding and courtesy; for a strong sense of honor, which made him scorn, at the bidding of fear, to desert the post of danger and duty; for a noble impatience and indignation at falsehood and hypocrisy; and for an intense love to all humane and liberal studies. All this was no more than might be expected from his birth and upbringing. With the best blood of Scotland in his veins, and with the most heroic and accomplished men in the kingdom to form the mind and manners of his early age, it was only natural that he should grow up to be what he afterwards became, when the endowments of grace had been added to the gifts of nature and the accomplishments of education—not only of the most zealous, but the most courteous of evangelists—a confessor

of the truth, as mild and modest and gentle in his bearing and manners as he was firm and impregnable in his spirit and principles—a martyr as learned and cultured as he was fervent and self-devoted—a master of all the new learning of the age, as well as instinct with all its revived religious zeal and ardor. But a young man of genius and susceptibility receives the impress of other schools and school-masters than those of the seminary and the family circle. The public events and transactions of his time became a school to give form and bias to his mind; and the public men who figure most prominently in these events and transactions became his most influential schoolmasters. In Hamilton's instance, it is well worth remarking that the years when his mind must have begun to be alive to the interest of public affairs, were years signalized by national events of the greatest importance, which could not fail to call forth his patriotic feelings, and to stamp upon his mind indelible impressions. He was in his tenth year when the battle of Flodden was fought on the 9th of September, 1513—a national calamity which must have brought a shadow of patriotic grief and anxiety even over the light heart of boyhood. The danger, too, which the Hamiltons narrowly escaped on that occasion must have agitated with strong emotions every member of their powerful house." (p. 13.)

The King had threatened the ruin of the Earl of Arran, for having failed, as Admiral of the Fleet, through negligence, to assist the King of France in his contest with England. The death of James IV. on the field of Flodden saved Arran and the Hamiltons from this meditated disgrace and ruin. Yet disastrous consequences to the Church and nation flowed from the rash enterprise which strewed the battle-field with the lifeless bodies of Scotland's bravest sons. The death of the noblest and most experienced of her warriors placed the chief authority in the hands of ecclesiastics. The young nobles who succeeded to the titles and offices of their slaughtered fathers, were driven, by their own want of experience, to the necessity of yielding to the influence and counsels of the prelates. The Bishops were at war among themselves, fighting disgracefully for the prizes of ambition which the vacancies occasioned by death had recently made in the highest ecclesiastical preferments. Episcopal palaces became, like ancient baronial castles, the scenes of political conflict, and "the head-quarters of contending factions."

We may conceive to what a low state the Church had fallen in Scotland, when bishops contended for their position with force of arms, and when every thing connected with election to the higher offices of the Church was carried by intrigue or violence, by the chicanery of political adventure, or at the point of the sword. But it is not easy to imagine, still less to describe, the horrible moral delinquencies by which the sacred office was almost universally defiled. Perhaps no country in Europe possessed a Clergy more dissolute in manners, and more bold in the indulgence of vicious habits, than Scotland. The whole head of the Papacy "was sick, and the whole heart faint;" but the sickness was nowhere more deadly, and the moral disease nowhere more deeply seated, than in the northern portion of our isle. The greatest crimes were committed by the Clergy without remorse of conscience, or the blush of shame on the cheek.

Such was the state of things which the young Abbot of Ferne was compelled to witness when he rose to the years of puberty. It has been generally supposed that he was receiving his education at the College of St. Andrew's, while these disorders were at their height. But Professor Lorimer has been able to correct the erroneous impression, and to show indisputably that he studied and graduated at the University of Paris, though it cannot be now determined at which of the Colleges in that city he received his education. He must have gone thither in 1516, or at the latest in 1517; for he took his Master's degree in 1520. The proof of the fact is contained in the Album of the University of Marburg, and the *Acta Rectoria* of the University of Paris. It is also confirmed by the statements of his convert and successor as a preacher and sufferer in the cause of Christ, Alexander Alane, better known in the literary world by his more euphonious classical name of *Alesius*. The fact, thus brought to light, accounts for Hamilton's superiority in literature, and in courtesy of manners, to the majority of Scottish nobles; and may serve to reveal, in some measure, the secret of the influence he gained, in so short a period, over the minds of his rough, uncultivated countrymen. But it especially accounts for the great change which had taken place in his religious views.

Alesius tells us that he studied both at Paris and Louvaine; and at the period when he was thus engaged, the credit of Erasmus stood high at both these seats of learning; and the doctrines of Martin Luther were beginning to arrest the attention of the learned. Hamilton speedily adopted the sentiments of Erasmus on the necessity of the revival of ancient literature, and the substitution of true philosophical inquiry in the place of the scholastic subtlety of the middle ages. The sarcasms of this celebrated precursor of the Reformation on the monkish Orders of the Papacy, and on the corruptions which pervaded the seats of learning, contributed largely to the success of the bolder and more conscientious efforts of Luther and his associates in the great work of the Protestant Reformation. But the best service which this learned but timid advocate for truth did to this sacred cause was the publication of his Edition of the New Testament in the original language, and his valuable Notes on the sacred text;—a work far in advance of the age, though now superseded by the accumulated labors of modern commentators. It is painful to reflect, that he who did such effectual service to the cause of God, should not only have stopped short where he did, but should, at length, have given way to peevish but impotent resentment against those more faithful and consistent Reformers, who only carried out his own principles to their legitimate issue. That Hamilton had already drunk deeply at the fount of classical literature, and was strongly imbued with the philosophy of the ancients, rather than that of the scholastic age, is affirmed in the following quotation, made by our Author from an article on Hamilton in Herzog's *Encyclopædia*, by Dr. Weber:—

"Nature had given him a feeling of the lofty and the noble. She had made him susceptible of enjoying the refined pleasures of culture and science, and to be sensible of the charm which lies in the writings of the ancients."

"But," it is added, "it was not only the spirit of Erasmus that Hamilton came into communion with on the banks of the Seine. During his residence there, an impulse was propagated to the University, from a soul immensely more potent and world-subduing than the polished and timid scholar of Rotterdam. In 1519, the strong hand of Luther

knocked violently at its gates, and the sound reverberated through all its studious halls and cloisters." . . . "In 1520," writes Buleus, "the Universities of Cologne and Louvaine condemned many of Luther's books to the flames; and the same thing was done with many of them in Germany. In an instant Luther blazed with resentment, and inveighed against those Universities with the severest reproaches and calumnies." (p. 38.)

"The Doctors of the Sorbonne spent more than a year in the examination of Luther's writings. Not only all Paris, but all Europe, waited anxiously for their decision. For a time the issue seemed doubtful, for Lutheran votes were not wanting even in the Sorbonne. But at length the champions of the old darkness prevailed over the friends of the new light, and the University solemnly decreed, on the 15th of April, 1521, in the presence of students from every country in Christendom, that Luther was a heretic, and that his works should be publicly thrown into the flames. But it was easier to make an *auto-da-fé* of the Reformer's books, and to scatter their ashes to the winds, than to suppress the agitation which those acts produced in the public mind. The Parisian 'Act,' of what Erasmus calls Luther's tragedy, did not end when the Sorbonne intended it should. In a few months after the publication of the sentence of the Theologians, there arrived in Paris 'A Defence of Martin Luther against the furibund Decree of the Parisian Theologasters,' from the pen of young Philip Melancthon of Wittenberg. Melancthon's name was already known throughout Europe as one of the first scholars of the age. Men were eager to hear his young but already potent voice. His attack upon the Sorbonne, as pungent as it was polished, and as contemptuous as it was elegant, made an immense sensation. When one of the youngest authors of the day, and a professor in one of the youngest schools of Europe, came forward to utter his scorn for the learned fathers of the Sorbonne itself, men were either astounded at his presumption, or in transports of admiration at his spirit and gallantry." (p. 39.)

It was in the midst of these exciting scenes that Hamilton was pursuing his studies at Paris and Louvaine; and there can be no doubt of the side he took in the controversy then raging. If the number of learned men was greater on the side of the Papacy than on that of the Reformation, the conscientious zeal and ardor, the spirit of power, moral and intellectual, and above all, the firm, unshaken confidence in the goodness of their cause and in the Divine presence and blessing while

engaged in it, were all on the side of those who maintained the new doctrine, and who counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might "finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

In the year 1523, Hamilton again appears at St. Andrew's. This was about three years after he had graduated at Paris. It may therefore be inferred, that this interval was chiefly passed between the two Universities of Paris and Louvaine. He was only sixteen when he took his Master's degree, and was twenty when he returned to Scotland, "deeply imbued with the love of those liberal studies, of which Paris and Louvaine were the chief centres." To Louvaine he may have been attracted by a desire to see and become acquainted with Erasmus, who resided there in the year 1521. Our Author hoped to have gained some information on the subject of his volume from Louvaine, but he was informed "on good Belgian authority," that "the good Jesuits were chary of the documents" which he would have liked to consult.

In June of the year 1523, above referred to, Hamilton was incorporated in the University of St. Andrew's, and in the following year was admitted, *ad eundem*, in the Faculty of Arts. Whether he took this step for the purpose of adding to his own literary stores, and of moving in a wider circle of learned society than he could do in any other city of Scotland, or whether his special object was to propagate the principles of Reform which he had himself embraced, it is not possible from any extant sources of information, to determine; he might have a view to both these objects. Though at this period the greatest darkness prevailed in the most celebrated University of Scotland, both in literature and theology, yet some students were found who could sympathize with the views which had taken possession of Hamilton's mind.

"In the same year that he was incorporated in the University, Gavin Logie became Principal of the New College of St. Leonard's—a man of open mind and progressive thought, who showed in after-life that he was capable both of receiving and suffering for the truth of God." . . . "Among the younger canons there were several names—John Wynram, John Duncanson, and Alexander Alane (Ale-

sius)—which afterwards became connected with the cause of the Reformation. The description which Boyce has left us of the intellectual and religious character of the Priory at this period, is extremely pleasing. He tells us that its members were devoted to the interests of religion and learning, and spent their time usefully and honorably in study, and in the discharge of the offices of education and devotion." (p. 55.)

Boyce was a correspondent with Erasmus, who in one of his letters expresses the pleasure it gave him to hear that the kingdom of Scotland was every day becoming more polished and refined by the study of the liberal arts.

"The Church was both the chief promoter and the chief opponent of liberal studies in that age. Several of the highest Clergy patronized, and were themselves proficient in such pursuits; while, in general, the monks and friars, and the whole body of the inferior Clergy, with a truer instinct of danger to the interests of Rome, dreaded and hated the new learning and all its abettors."

That Hamilton, at this time, was neither out of favor with his ecclesiastical superiors, nor had any intention of forsaking the communion of the Church of Rome, appears, incidentally, from the fact, that he composed a mass, arranged in parts for nine voices, in honor of the angels, intended for that office in the Missal, which begins with "Benedicant Dominum, omnes angeli ejus." This piece he procured to be sung in the Cathedral of St. Andrew's, and he acted himself as precentor of the choir. But it is obvious that his mind was in a state of transition,—as were the minds of the early Reformers generally,—before he was in any degree aware of the step which must ultimately be taken, if he carried out his views to their legitimate result. Though an Abbot, he never assumed the monkish habit. He probably hoped to see some necessary reforms effected before he would place himself ostensibly at the head of a monastic institution. That the cause of his declining to undertake the duties of his appointed office, was not indolence, or indifference to religion, is clear from the whole tenor of his brief life. He also assumed the office of the priesthood at the unusually early age of twenty-three, that, as Frith declares, "he might be admitted to preach the word of God."

"This statement amounts to a proof, that at the time when Hamilton took orders in

the Roman Church, his mind was sufficiently enlightened by Divine Truth, to be sensible that the proper food of souls was the pure word of God, as distinguished from 'the doctrines and commandments of men;' and that he was already sufficiently under the power of the evangelical spirit to be supremely desirous of the privilege of proclaiming and dispensing that word in the office of the Priesthood. But the statement implies quite as clearly, on the other hand, that when Hamilton took orders, he could have had no idea of *breaking* with the Church of Rome, and no conception that the vows of canonical obedience, which ordination included, were inconsistent with any convictions of scriptural truth which he had as yet attained to. His high and pure mind would have shrunk from ecclesiastical vows which he could not honorably undertake. At the moment when 'he took priesthood,' with a view 'to testify the truth,' he could not as yet have learned enough of that truth, to be aware that loyalty to 'the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God' is entirely irreconcilable with allegiance to the See of Rome." (p. 63.)

The first public intimation of serious alarm on the part of the hierarchy respecting the progress of the principles of the Reformation appeared in July, 1525, when Hamilton was quietly pursuing his studies at St. Andrew's. It occurs in a significant act of Parliament, which, in declaiming against "the damnable opinions of heresy spread in divers countries by the heretic Luther and his disciples," asserts that Scotland had "firmly persisted in the holy faith, since the same was first received by them, and never as yet admitted any opinions contrary to the Christian faith, but had ever been clean of all such filth and vice." The Act is avowedly directed against *strangers*; but we may assume that it never would have passed, had the latter portion of the above statement been true. Strangers had not only been there, but had brought with them, or left behind them, the seeds of a harvest which all the power of Rome could not destroy. It was, indeed, not more than a few weeks after the passing of the above Act, that an order in council was issued in the king's name, who was now entirely under the control of ecclesiastics, which declares that *others* as well as foreigners "have books of that heretic Luther, and favor his errors and false opinions, in contravention to our Act of Parliament lately made;" and it peremptorily enjoins that their goods should be confiscated

and brought into the royal treasury. So that it follows, that either the Act itself had been the *cause* of the Lutheran infection complained of, or, as is more probable, that it had previously begun to prevail, and the Act had proved insufficient to retard its progress.

"In a short time, indeed, the number of native Lutherans became so conspicuous and alarming, that in 1527 the Lords of the Council introduced into the Act the following additional clause:—'And that all others the king's lieges, assistants to such opinions, be punished in a similar way, and the effect of the said Act to strike upon them.'" (p. 69.)

The time was suited to call forth the utmost zeal and energy of all whose hearts were imbued with the genuine principles of the Reformation. We shall not refer to the detail of corruptions in doctrine and practice, which showed a more unblushing front in Scotland than in any of the most enslaved and polluted nations of Europe. It may suffice to refer, in proof of the gross ignorance of the Clergy, to the case of Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, who "thanked God that he knew neither the Old Testament nor the New;" and boasted that his knowledge was confined "to his Breviary and his Pontifical."

Poets had already begun severely to lash the vices of the Clerical orders. Luther's books were introduced into many families; copies of Tyndale's New Testament were brought by vessels belonging to Leith and other ports of Scotland, from the marts of Flanders and the Netherlands, carefully concealed in bales of unsuspected goods; and thus the Gospel, as a contraband article, was smuggled into Scotland, by parties who probably had no higher aim than that of pursuing a gainful traffic.

Such were the preparations of the Great Head of the Church for its spiritual renovation; but hitherto no living voice had dared to proclaim the truth from the pulpits of the land. This want was now to be supplied; and the first preacher and sufferer in the cause was Patrick Hamilton. He had gradually passed over from the views of Erasmus—who wished only to cleanse the outside of the cup and the platter, or at the most to effect a merely *moral* reformation—to the views of Luther and Melancthon, who felt that the tree must be made good, before any good fruit could spring from it.

"The choice to which Hamilton was now conclusively brought, was to accept the theological and spiritual reform of Luther, in preference to the moral and disciplinary reform of his former master, Erasmus. There were no principles of Luther's teaching which Hamilton grasped more firmly, and set in a clearer light, than those on which the distinction between Luther and Erasmus mainly turned." . . . .

"It was probably in the year 1526, that Hamilton first began to declare openly his new convictions; and it was not long before the report of his heretical opinions was carried to the ears of the Archbishop (Beaton), who early in 1527 'made faithful inquisition during Lent' into the grounds of the rumor, and found that he was already 'infamed with heresy, disputing, holding and maintaining divers heresies of Martin Luther and his followers, repugnant to the faith;' whereupon he proceeded to 'decern him' to be formally summoned and accused. Such was Beaton's own language in the following year, when he pronounced him to be clearly convicted of heresy, and worthy of death." (p. 83.)

What shall the young and faithful monitor now do? Shall he, at once, make his life a sacrifice in the Saviour's cause? Is he prepared for this? Or has he misgivings lest in the hour of trial his faith should fail? The opportunity of escape was afforded him; and he wisely availed himself of it. He fled from the gathering storm; but it was not with the desire to make any compromise of his principles; for he resorted to the very quarter where they would be strengthened and established. In the spring of 1527, he went to Germany, accompanied by three of his countrymen. In Wittemberg he sought the society of Luther, Melancthon, and Francis Lambert, and was admitted to the friendship of these eminent Reformers. From Wittemberg he passed to Marburg, where Philip the Landgrave of Hesse was just founding a new Evangelical University, in which Lambert was appointed to preside over the theological faculty. In the society of these men, and especially of Lambert, he derived strong confirmation to his faith, as well as increasing clearness in his views of Christian doctrine.

"Of all the Marburg Professors Hamilton drew with most sympathy and attachment to Francis Lambert. This distinguished divine was a Frenchman, and had for some time lived in a monastery at Avignon; but he

early embraced the Reformation, and being obliged to fly from his country, had studied for some time in the schools of Wittemberg. He was afterwards a preacher in Strasburg, from whence he was called, in 1526, by the Landgrave of Hesse, to take the lead in introducing the Reformation into his hereditary States. . . . . A recent biographer of Lambert remarks that, 'as a teacher of theology, he occupied himself much more with the kernel of Christianity than with its shell. He did not depreciate the importance of the theological learning; there was only one thing which he considered as more important in the teaching of divinity, and that was, that a clear insight should be given into the chief things of Christianity—its spirit and life.' . . . Hamilton felt the attraction of a teacher at once so clear in his perceptions, so fervent in his spirit, and so decided in his tone. He not only attended his prelections for several months, but sought also the advantage of his private conversation. The feeling of attachment became speedily mutual. Lambert conceived for his young disciple the warmest esteem and affection. 'His learning,' he tells us, 'was of no common kind for his years, and his judgment in divine truth was eminently clear and solid. His object in visiting the University was to confirm himself more abundantly in the truth; and I can truly say, that I have seldom met with any one who conversed on the word of God with greater spirituality and earnestness of feeling. He was often in conversation with me upon these subjects.'" (p. 93.)

It was at the suggestion of Lambert that Hamilton published a series of theses, which he had publicly defended in the University of Marburg. They were written in Latin, and afterwards translated into English by John Frith, and may be found at length in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." "This little Treatise," says the Translator, "teacheth exactly of certain common-places, which known, ye have the pith of all divinity."

This short summary of Christian doctrine supplies ample evidence of its Author's power as a reasoner, and accuracy as a theologian. It is also a document of considerable importance, as being the earliest doctrinal production of the Scottish Reformation. And as there are no remains of any of Hamilton's public discourses, it affords the only evidence now attainable of the character of his preaching.

His mind was now so completely imbued with evangelical truth, that, after a residence of six months among the Reformers of Ger-

many, he felt an irrepressible desire to revisit his native land, bearing with him the inestimable treasure of the Gospel. His faith had been confirmed by his intercourse with the holiest and best men of the age; he had seen the blessed effects produced on the hearts of numbers who had flocked to the preaching of Luther, of Lambert, and of Bugenhagen; he had been animated by the example and conversation of Tyndale and John Frith, who, like himself, "made a good confession before many witnesses," and received at length the crown of martyrdom; and he could no longer forbear to carry the lamp of truth into his native land. The two friends who had accompanied him in his flight were fully alive to the danger of his return, and used the most urgent persuasions to prevent it. But he was deaf to their entreaties; and, leaving them behind, he departed, accompanied only by his servant, from scenes of surpassing attractions to his cultivated mind, to a land where all was darkness, ignorance, and sin, and where his past experience taught him to expect nothing but suffering and death. Yet so powerfully did the love of Christ constrain him, that "none of these things moved him," and he hastened with inward joy to fulfil his formidable mission.

In the autumn of 1527 he returned to the family mansion at Kincavel, and was cordially welcomed by his elder brother, Sir James and his wife. His mother still survived; and "he had a sister named Katharine, a lady of spirit and talent." The family at Kincavel formed his first audience. "His labors among his relations were blessed with signal success. Both his brother and sister welcomed the truth, and were honored several years later to suffer much for its sake."

From the testimony both of Knox and Spottiswoode, it appears that he preached the Gospel in all the country round. "Many gave ear, and a great following he had, both for his learning and courteous behavior to all sorts of people."

The preaching of the pure Gospel, which among ourselves would excite little or no astonishment, because the topic has, through Divine mercy, become familiar to our ears, burst with all the force of novelty upon audiences steeped in superstition, and totally ignorant of the first principles of the oracles

of God. But there was in the preacher's manner and earnestness of spirit what we ourselves also need, to give effect to our public ministrations. Ministers could not then preach the truth at all, but in peril of their lives; and their words were like the fire, and the hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces. And many cold hearts were set on fire, and many rocky hearts broken in pieces, by the forcible appeals to the conscience made by such preachers as Patrick Hamilton. Take the following example from his "Places:"—

"Whosoever believeth or thinketh to be saved by his works denieth that Christ is his Saviour, that Christ died for him, and that all things pertain to Christ. For how is He thy Saviour, if thou mightest save thyself by thy works; or whereto should He die for thee, if any works might have saved thee? What is this, to say Christ died for thee? Verily, that thou shouldst have died eternally; and Christ, to deliver thee from death, died for thee, and changed thy eternal death into His own death; for thou madest the fault, and He suffered the punishment; and that for the love He had to thee before thou wast born, when thou hadst done neither good nor evil. Now, seeing He hath paid thy debt, thou needest not, neither canst thou pay it, but shouldst be damned if His blood were not. But since He was punished for thee, thou shalt not be punished. Finally, He hath delivered thee from thy condemnation and from all evil, and desireth naught of thee, but that thou wilt acknowledge what He hath done for thee, and bear it in mind, and that thou shouldst help others, for His sake, both in word and deed, even as He hath holpen thee for naught, and without reward. Oh, how ready would we be to help others if we knew his goodness and gentleness towards us! He is a good and gentle Lord, for He doth all for naught. Let us, I beseech you, follow His footsteps, whom all the world ought to praise and worship. Amen."

While some others, less blinded than the rest to the evils of the times, were attempting to improve the tree by lopping off some of its luxuriant shoots and branches, Hamilton laid the axe to the root, and aimed at a thorough Reformation, such as the Omnipotence of Divine grace could alone produce. Others would correct open and notorious vices; he insisted upon an entire change of heart, as the only real cure for the malady which was preying upon the vitals of the Church and nation.

A few months after his return home, Ham-

ilton imitated the example recently set by Luther, of marrying a wife. This fact had escaped the record of history, though undoubtedly, it was well known at the time it took place. It is, however, related by Alesius, who says, that "shortly before his death he married a young lady of noble rank." The industry of our Author has brought this fact to light, and has thereby relieved the memory of the martyr from a stain which the Editor of Knox's history felt himself obliged reluctantly to acknowledge his inability to remove. It appears that in the year 1543, Isabel Hamilton, daughter of Patrick Hamilton, was one of the ladies in attendance at the Court of the Regent Arran; and the inference was, that she must be a natural daughter of the Reformer. It would be difficult to account for the fact, that at the time of his death such an accusation was never breathed against him; and that his memory was not afterwards assailed with this reproach by parties solicitous to weaken the influence of his teaching and his sufferings upon the minds of the public. But the silence of calumny is now accounted for; it had no real ground to rest upon, and would have been refuted the moment it had been raised.

Hamilton, perhaps, scarcely expected long to escape the fury of his adversaries; but he had counted the cost, and was content to await the issue, in the vigorous discharge of his ministerial duty.

"Meanwhile the Reformer's adversaries were already on the alert. The fame of his preaching travelled fast; and it had not far to travel to reach the ear of Archbishop Beaton. In the month of November, 1527, the Primate was residing in the monastery of Dunfermlin, and the movements of Hamilton on the opposite side of the Firth would instantly be reported to him. Beaton was alarmed to hear of his return to the kingdom, and of the boldness with which he had resumed his interrupted preaching. And indeed he had good reason to feel alarm. The young and noble Hamilton was the most dangerous preacher of heresy that could have appeared in the country; and he was more dangerous now than ever, after six months' intercourse with the German heresiarchs themselves. He could not fail to produce an impression upon the people, most perilous to the Church. A Lutheran missionary, with royal blood in his veins, and all the power of the Hamiltons at his back, was a more formidable heretic in Scotland than Luther him-

self would have been. The moment was critical, no time must be lost. Still the Primate and his councillors must proceed with caution. The preacher's family was too powerful to be attacked in his person, in a bold, unwary, and defiant manner. . . . They were obliged to affect great moderation of tone and procedure. . . . Beaton sent a message desiring to have a conference with him at St. Andrew's, on such points of the Church's condition and administration as might appear to stand in need of some reformation." (p. 126).

This bland and specious course of proceeding did not deceive the youthful evangelist. He predicted his own speedy death, and yet he resolved to brave the danger, and to bear what he supposed might be his dying testimony to the truth which he had preached. He declared that he would go to St. Andrew's, "that he might confirm the pious in the true doctrine by his death." His friends in vain endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose; but all that he would concede to their affection was, that a party of his friends should accompany him.

On his arrival, a conference took place between him and the Archbishop, with his coadjutors, which was continued for several days. Great professions of candor and conciliation were made. Hamilton's views were, in many particulars, avowedly approved; the necessity for reform was admitted, and he was allowed to deliver his sentiments freely both in public and in private. This both gave them time to carry on their intrigues against him with the political chiefs of the country, and to accumulate evidence against him from his own unguarded admissions. It might also serve to rouse the prejudices of the populace. Aware of the end for which this liberty was allowed him, he did not, for a moment, shrink from making the utmost use of it. Alesius says,—

"He taught and disputed openly in the University on all the points on which he conceived a reformation to be necessary in the Church's doctrines, and in her administration of the sacraments and other rites.

"Among his visitors were many monks, who came professing their desire to enjoy the benefit of his conversation, but in reality with the base design of reporting his words to the Primate. Hamilton was warned of their treachery, but he neither declined their visits, nor put a guard on his language on that account. He was convinced that his time was short, and he felt that it was his duty to make the most of it, to proclaim the truth of

God to all comers. The chief of these dissemblers and informers was Alexander Campbell, Prior of the Dominican Monastery of St. Andrew's, 'a young man of good wit and learning,' on whom Beaton appears to have mainly relied for the success of the inquisition which he was now privily making into the Reformers' doctrines." (p. 133.)

Yet all the visitors of Hamilton were not of this despicable class. Alane (Alesius) was at this time an adherent to the scholastic theology, and had no doubt that he should be able to convince Hamilton of his errors, and bring him back to the Church. He had recently attacked the heresy of Luther, and had earned laurels among his countrymen in the contest. Full of expectation and of confidence, he undertook the task of grappling with the accused. The issue of the struggle was the reverse of what he had anticipated. The assailant confessed himself defeated. "He returned to his study in the Priory, not only disconcerted by his failure, but shaken in his old faith, and much more disposed to go over to the side of his courteous opponent than to renew the dispute. From that moment a feeling of warm interest in the Reformer sprang up in Alane's heart, and he was soon afterwards a deeply affected spectator of his trial and martyrdom." The period allowed him for free disputation previously to his seizure, was a month, "more or less." "That busy month of unfettered labor was a precious sowing-time, and was followed by an abundant harvest."

A summons for his apprehension was at length issued; and the friends of Hamilton, aware that danger was imminent, urged him to save his life by instant flight. It is said, indeed, that even the Archbishop privately wished him to escape; but he was inflexible. "He had come thither," he said, "to confirm the minds of the godly by his death as a martyr to the truth; and to turn his back now, would be to lay a stumbling-block in their path, and to cause some of them to fall."

It appears that his brother, Sir James Hamilton, finding him resolved not to flee, and perceiving that his enemies would resort to extremities, had gone home to arm his retainers for the purpose of rescuing him by force of arms; but that a continued storm in the Firth had prevented his return in time. Another friend of the Reformer, John An-

drew Duncan, Laird of Aidrie, also armed his tenants and servants to rescue him from the hands of his enemies. But Beaton was prepared to repel force by force, and was impelled, by these attempts, to a more precipitate accomplishment of his tragic purpose. He could no longer allow Hamilton to remain at liberty, but issued an order for his immediate apprehension.

"After nightfall, the captain of the Castle of St. Andrew's drew a band of armed men around the house where Hamilton was lodged, and presenting himself at the entrance, demanded admission. The Reformer, accompanied to the door by the group of faithful friends who were still in attendance upon him, calmly inquired of the officer what was his errand,—and on receiving his reply, declared his readiness at once to surrender himself to his custody. Only he begged that his friends standing by might not be molested; and addressing them, he commanded them to offer no resistance on his account. They neither altogether obeyed, nor altogether disregarded his wishes. They did not use their swords in his defence, but they refused to deliver him up till they had exacted an assurance from the captain that he should be restored again without injury into their hands." (p. 145.)

The trial commenced on the last day of February, in the Cathedral. The Primate, with his train of Bishops, Abbots, and Priors, was there, and took his seat at the tribunal of heresy. Hamilton, conducted from the Castle under a strong guard, was placed on a pulpit, where he could be seen and heard by all. The Doctors handed up their judgment on the articles alleged against him. Friar Campbell read over the articles, charging them one by one upon the prisoner. The following description is given by Alexander Alane:—

"I was myself an eye-witness of the tragedy, and heard him answering for his life to the charges of heresy which were laid against him. These were read aloud by a Dominican Friar; and he was so far from disowning the doctrines which were alleged against him as heresies, that he defended and established them by clear testimonies of Scripture, and refuted the reasonings of his accuser. He took care, also to guard his doctrine against the calumny that the faith of which he spoke might be no better than the faith of devils and hypocrites, and not that reliance of the heart which draws along with it repentance, hope, and charity. He was careful to explain

that faith, hope, and charity are so knit together, that he who has any one of them has all, and he who is destitute of one is destitute of all."

Campbell, silenced in argument, turned to the tribunal for instructions. He was commanded no more to reason, but to fling the opprobrious title of heretic in the face of the accused, and to heap fresh charges upon him.

"'Heretic!' he exclaimed, turning again to the Reformer. 'Nay, brother,' replied Hamilton, mildly interrupting him 'you do not think me heretic in your heart; in your conscience you know that I am no heretic.' 'Heretic!' reiterated, Campbell, stifling the emotion which such an appeal must have called up in his heart; 'heretic! thou saidst it was lawful to all men to read the Word of God; and especially the New Testament.' 'I wot not if I said so,' replied Hamilton, 'but I say now, it is reason and lawful to all men that have souls to read the Word of God; and in particular, the latter will and testament of Christ Jesus, whereby they may acknowledge their sins, and repent of the same, and amend their lives by faith and repentance, and come to the mercy of God by Christ Jesus.' 'Now, heretic! I see that thou affirmest the words of thy accusation.' 'I affirm nothing but the word which I have spoken in the presence of this auditory.'" (p. 147.)

These charges were followed by others concerning the worship of images, prayers to the Saints and to the Virgin, masses for souls, purgatory, &c.; to all of which the most calm and pertinent replies were promptly given. After which the Prior turned to the tribunal, and said, "My Lord Archbishop, you hear he denies the institutions of holy Kirk, and the authority of our holy father the Pope. I need not to accuse him any more." The sentence of death was then pronounced, and Hamilton was conducted back to prison. With indecent haste the execution of the sentence was ordered to take place on that very day. The martyr was ready for the stake, which had already been prepared for him. "The Spirit of power and of love had fallen abundantly upon him, and the most perfect composure, resolution, and devotion filled his soul. When the hour of noon had struck, he sent for the Captain, and inquired whether all was ready. The Captain, more humane than his masters, was unable to tell him plainly the fatal truth; he could only hint that the last hour had

even come. Hamilton immediately rose from his seat, and, putting his hand into the Captain's, walked forth with a quick step to the place of execution. He carried in his right hand a copy of the Evangelists, and was accompanied by his servant and a few intimate friends. When he came in sight of the spot, he uncovered his head, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, addressed himself in silent prayer to Him who alone could give him a martyr's strength and victory. On reaching the stake, he handed to one of his friends the precious volume which had long been his companion and the rod of his strength; and taking off his cap and gown and other upper garments, he gave them to his attendant, with the words, "These will not profit in the fire; they will profit thee. After this thou canst receive of me no commodity, except the example of my death, which I pray thee bear in mind. For albeit it be bitter to the flesh, and fearful before man, yet is it the entrance to eternal life, which none shall possess that denies Christ Jesus before this wicked generation." (p. 152.)

Life was still offered, if he would recant the confession he had made; but his answer was, "As to my confession, I will not deny it for the awe of your fire. . . . I will rather be content that my body burn in this fire for confession of my faith in Christ, than that my soul should burn in the fire of hell for denying the same. But as the sentence pronounced against me this day by the Bishops and Doctors, I here, in the presence of you all, appeal contrary to the said sentence and judgment given against me, and take me to the mercy of God."

He was bound to the stake with an iron chain, which passed round his body; and while the fire and wood were being prepared, he prayed for his murderers, and implored Christ, as his Mediator with the Father, to strengthen him by the Holy Spirit for the fiery trial through which he was about to pass. He also prayed to the Father that he might not be tempted to swerve in any degree from his faith in Christ; and that he would receive his soul for Christ Jesus' sake, "in whose name, I make this oblation and offering, that is to say, my body in the fire, and my soul in the hands of Almighty God."

He suffered much from the slow burning of the fire; and during his bodily agonies,

was still importuned to turn, to pray to Our Lady, to say "Salve Regina." But he replied with a smile, "You are late with your advice. . . . If I had chosen to recant, I need not have been here. But I pray you come forward, and testify the truth of *your* religion by putting your little finger into this fire, in which I am burning with my whole body."

To Campbell, his betrayer and accuser, he spoke in stronger terms. This friar\* was foremost among the tormentors of his last moments. The sufferer repeatedly besought him to cease from troubling him, but without effect; and at length he exclaimed, "Wicked man! thou knowest it is the truth of God for which I now suffer. So much thou didst confess unto me in private, and thereupon I appeal thee to answer before the judgment seat of Christ."

In the midst of the flames, forgetful of himself, he remembered his widowed mother, commending her to the care and sympathy of his friends. When nearly burned through the middle, a stander-by desired that, if he still had faith in the doctrines he had taught, to give a last sign of his constancy. He raised three fingers of his half-consumed hand, and held them there till he ceased to breathe. His last words were, "How long, Lord, shall darkness overwhelm this kingdom? How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men? Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

The execution lasted nearly six hours; but "the martyr never gave one sign of impatience or anger, nor ever called to heaven for vengeance upon his persecutors."

Thus died Patrick Hamilton, on the 29th of February, 1528, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. The work of a long and glorious life-time was accomplished by a youth in the short space of a few months; and the effect was felt like an electric shock throughout Scotland. The seed sown on that memorable day began to vegetate and spring up, till at length it ripened into a harvest more abundant than the martyr himself, in his most sanguine moments, could venture to anticipate. There were those around his funeral pile, who became not only convinced of the truth of the doctrines for which he died, but also zealous and able witnesses for God when his lips were sealed in death.

The cruelty of his murderers shook men's confidence in the infallibility of a Church which could resort to such means of self-defence; and the meek constancy and fervent piety of the expiring youth suggested the question, "Did that religion need to be extirpated by fire, which could produce such virtues as adorned the character of Patrick Hamilton?"

We cannot follow our Author through the interesting sketches he has given of those who followed the footsteps and entered into the labors of this first of Scotland's Protestant martyrs. The movement gradually gained strength, till it resulted in the subversion of the Papacy, and the establishment of the Reformation under the rough, vehement yet honest leadership of John Knox. We might have wished for a Reformation more nearly approximating to the type of our own under the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. But we have no sympathy with those who style the Scottish Church "Samaritan," or look askance at it, because of its deficiency in some elements beneficially incorporated in the Church of England.

We thank the learned Author of this book for the light which he has been able to throw upon an important, but ill-understood portion of ecclesiastical history. The times loudly call for a full exposure of the Papal system, under which the nation and the world so long groaned; and under which both would groan again, should the enemy be suffered stealthily to make his way, till he can again place his iron hoof on the neck of prostrate kingdoms. It is in vain to boast of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century as a barrier against tyranny, or to flatter ourselves that the Lion's teeth are drawn, and his disposition softened down to that of the Lamb. So long as the Church of Rome maintains the doctrine that there is no salvation out of the true Church—that is, her own,—persecution even to the death is not only an obvious duty, but the highest compassion. Why should a heretic be left to aggravate his guilt, and plunge deeper into the pit of perdition? Some Papist may reply, "That is not my creed;" our answer is, "Then you are no true Papist."

The Author puts forth this volume, as the first of a series of Memoirs of the precursors of Knox. We heartily wish him success, and commend his well-compiled memoir to the attention of our readers.

From Household Words.

## NUMBER FIVE, HANBURY TERRACE.

I WAS a stranger among some eight or nine hundred pitiless schoolfellows: a country bumpkin amid the sharp lads of that focus of sharp school practice, Christ's Hospital. Moreover, the natural wateriness of eyes that had so lately bade adieu to all familiar objects was increased by a cold in the head, and my misery was not alleviated by a short allowance of halfpence to expend in the one licensed shop, which is supposed to contain all the objects of a Blue-coat boy's desire. Then I felt ridiculous in petticoats, and the thick regulation shoes which form part of that graceful costume, hurt my ankles; and my heels were swollen with chilblains. The lump of gingerbread, which I stood gnawing, was plentifully bedewed with my tears, and sometimes choked me, between the descent of a morsel, and the ascent of a sob.

"Don't waste your time telling me of your rules and regulations," said a quick, flat, irritable voice at the gate. "I want mee nephew, and ——" Looking up, I beheld that awful functionary, the porter, stretching out one arm, with solemn indignation, to bar the way (but vainly) against the little wiry figure that coolly ducked under it with a quick, springy step, her black silk bag hanging by steel chains, and her baggy umbrella firmly clasped by the handle. She paused, looked round, and defied the porter with a withering look and the end of her sentence: —— "And I'll find him!"

Her search did not take long; her quick eye soon picked me out, and she exclaimed: "I declare that poor, starved little fellow with the red head, is the image of——" She interrupted herself again, pounced upon me, asked my name, and patted my damp red head with a diminutive hand, nearly lost in a large brown glove, the finger ends of which dangled vacantly about. "Yes—of mee poor Ellen! Sure I'd know you anywhere to be her son! Did you ever hear tell of your mother's aunt Honoria, from Ireland? Well, I am aunt Honoria. Ah! I niver thought I'd live to see a grandnephew of mine in yellow stockings and a petticoat. Bless ye, mee poor child! What are ye crying for?"

The tone in which he spoke was a sort of flat singing. Her utterance was so rapid that her words would have jostled each other out of all order, except for her habit of stopping

short now and then, to give them time to arrange themselves in their proper places. But the kindness of her "Bless you!" no description could convey. It was a gleam of the pure gold that streaked the granite texture of her character.

The effect my aunt Honoria made upon my juvenile nerves, was rather startling. I was not an heroic youth; so I sobbed out something about being cold, and was immediately swept into the shop by my rapid relative who, to warm me, bought me a peg-top and four-pennyworth of marbles, the contemplation of which treasures suspended my sobs, and brought consolation to my wretched little heart.

A few well-put queries, soon revealed to her the state of my affairs, and she whisked off to startle the matron of Number Nine ward (to which I belonged), from her afternoon nap. I slowly followed—my progress impeded by a broken chilblain—and found the restless spirit of my aunt already domineering over the slow and saturnine presidentess of the ward. The moment I appeared, she pounced upon me, drew off my yellow stocking with astonishing gentleness, and, regarding it with infinite disgust, requested a little warm water, winding up with:

"Be quick, will you, please? and I'll set him to rights in no time."

Then, out of the black bag, came a little box of ointment, and a neat roll of linen rag, and I soon felt a delightful sense of relief and comfort. Finally, the stocking was drawn on again.

"Have you pen and ink here, my good woman?"

Slowly, as if against her will, the matron produced writing materials; and, again, the black bag opened to receive the roll and the ointment, and to give forth a large card; on which my aunt Honoria wrote in big characters, with broad black down-strokes, "Per Paddington Omnibus—to be left at shoemaker's shop, corner New Road." To this she attached a string:

"There," she said, handing it to me. "Hang that round your neck on Wednesday next: it will be a red-letter day—a holiday, you know. Call the omnibus from the gate here. Make the conductor look at your card, and then you will be sure to go all right. You must learn to take care of yourself, mee poor child, and the sooner the better.

Now, God bless you! I cannot stop another minute."

Again the finger-ends waved over my head; a rapid and energetic kiss shut up one of my eyes, and the other beheld my aunt stepping away daintily through the damp yard; past the grim porter, to whom she seemed to jerk out some defiant words as she went by. Then she vanished through the gate out into the whirl and rush of Newgate Street.

On the following Wednesday, the omnibus duly deposited me at the shoemaker's. I had not long to wait before being conducted to my aunt's lodging. I found it a charming place to visit, in spite of perpetual injunctions not to touch what did not belong to me without leave. There were such drawers full of what may most correctly be termed odds and ends! Old watches, and cases, and by-gone apparatus for every description of needle-work; and faded, moonshiny, old miniatures, shadowing forth features too aristocratic to seem at home in a humble third-floor front, in Hanbury Terrace, New Road. Queer scraps of china, transparent and cracked; fragments of plate, forks, and spoons, cleaned down to a thin and weakly condition; duskily-bound albums from which the gilding was worn away, filled with scratchy sketches and incomprehensible conundrums. Then, there was a collection of books in school-room binding, scribbled over the fly-leaves with school-room caricatures; and the oft-repeated name of "Cornelius M'Murrough, his book," in graceful, illegible writing.

"Mee poor brother's hand, mee dear," aunt Honoria would say, "Ah! such a man, mee dear. None of your prosing, pondering, cold-blooded calculators; but full of love, and life, and enjoyment. How could he be expected to be always thinking of the money? No wonder his grasping creditors got the better of him." O'Donnybrook, of the Daily Disseminator, told me, in after-life, that the M'Murrough was the most jovial, disreputable, and generally intoxicated member of their staff.

Aunt Honoria would talk by the hour, on this exalted theme, as she sat at a mysterious and complicated work-frame which always stood in the window next the fire-place. It was fringed all round with little bags of every possible hue and texture, out of which, she snatched at intervals, contradictory mor-

sels of floss-silk, worsted, Berlin wool, braid, hooks and eyes, twist, tape, twine, rags, ends of ribbon, beads, buttons, bugles, and every material that the wildest emergency of needle-work could demand.

Questions were dangerous at number Five, Hanbury Terrace. I therefore still remain ignorant of the precise destination of those acres of embroidery, tapestry, and tambour, which I have watched from time to time in progress in that frame. But mature reason inclines me to believe—as I never saw any of the fruits of her labor, either worn by herself, or displayed on her sofas or chairs—that my aunt's performances were exchanged for a consideration which enabled her to exercise a sort of highway and hedge-hunting hospitality towards youthful waifs and strays, cast out by fortune on the ocean of London. She was an admirable story-teller; and often have I and a certain little co-visitor, sat listening entranced to her records of the M'Murroughs, the remarkably pugnacious, rackets race of which we were scions. Their principal employment, according to her traditions, when they were not breaking the heads of their foes, the O'Haggertys, was hunting the wild deer; and, when both these excitements palled, they were hurling bars, and running foot-races, or shouting loud choruses to war-songs over their cups. No doubt, therefore, perpetual motion was Miss Honoria M'Murrough's special patrimony; for which, in these degenerate days, the embroidery-frame and a succession of incapables in the shape of what Mrs. Crump, the landlady of Number Five, called "gurls," offered the only legitimate excitants.

These historic evenings did not pass without a cloud. I frequently hazarded a disbelief in her stories, that drew down the vials of her wrath on the unhappy red head which had originally attracted her favorable notice. My observations were imbued with what she termed a six-and-eightpenny spirit, "very unlike mee poor brother. It was he, sure, who could tell all the old stories, and sing the old songs. If you were not such a quare little fellow, always wanting to know the use of everything, I would not mind showing ye some poetry he wrote about the great Malachi M'Murrough," a cheerful monarch, I learnt, who knocked retainers on the head, as ready as he carried off his enemies' beef. And then would come a torrent of reminiscences:

pointedly addressed to Mary Lyle, the other little waif.

In spite, however, of my prosaic disposition, my handiness in joining, turning, and carpentering, proved useful in the third-floor front of Number Five, Hanbury Terrace; and, being of use to my aunt, found favor in her eyes. Moreover, she declared that though Johnny was a quare little fellow, and had not the least taste for the pötry of life, yet he was kind-hearted, and one whose word she would trust her life to.

Indeed, in spite of my incredulous questionings, Aunt Honoria had no truer admirer than my practical self. I verily believe that those evenings in her "aportments," as she loved to term the third-floor in Number Five, saved my better and more genial spirit from dying out in the atmosphere of cold-hearted routine into which I, a lonely little orphan, was plunged. Moreover, my aunt had a high and chivalrous notion of what a gentleman should be, and was anxious that every wearer of broadcloth, in whose veins a drop of her blood was supposed to flow, should uphold it. Although "mee late brother" was avowedly her beau-ideal of an Irish Gentleman, her own maxims were calculated to form a very different model.

When the yellow-stocking period of my life had merged into the more serious epoch of clerkship in a solicitor's office, at so much, or rather so little, per week, Aunt Honoria continued to rule my destiny. At this time, and for a couple of years previously, she had acquired an inmate in Mary Lyle, my co-listener to the thrilling traditions of the ancient M'Murroughs.

My aunt was never communicative, and snapt up all attempts at cross-examination with silencing abruptness. But I found out that Mary Lyle's father (an ex-companion of the ever-deplored and gifted Cornelius, and "Many and many's the scrape mee poor brother has been led into by that scamp"), after many years' oscillation—scrambling all-fours along the path of life, as Aunt Honoria expressed it—had at length succumbed to repeated fits of delirium-tremens. His helpless daughter, whose career had hitherto been that of general servant to her father, was left undisputed possessor of an ancient violincello and two bows; the deceased having played on that instrument at any theatre which would engage his services. There were also several

manuscript scores of parts, a meerschau pipe, and a remarkably long file of pawnbroker's duplicates. In less than an hour after the musician's decease, my Aunt Honoria pounced upon the orphan, and swept her into Number Five. Some well-to-do relatives occasionally doled out a pittance towards her support. I well remember a day of delightful and absorbing occupation in dusting, scouring, glueing, and generally repairing an ottoman-bed which my aunt had drawn forth from the depths of a second-hand furniture warehouse in Tottenham Court Road for the use of her protégée, and had been a week bargaining about. This purchase completed the solemn act of adoption. How my Aunt Honoria managed to dress that bewitching little figure with the neat simplicity which was never surprised out of order, and to secure her the basis of a sound education, are secrets known only to the Rewarder of such secrets; and accountable for, only by the rare combination of activity, perseverance, and all-enduring hope which were fused together by the genial warmth of my aunt's self-denying charity.

The evenings when Messrs. Pluckett and Maule's office closed early, soon grew to be delightful hours to me. Our day's work over—for Mary's services were now valued and remunerated at the school at which she had been taught—we listened to the kettle humming on the reddest and tiniest fire imaginable. While my aunt set out the tea-things—a task she never omitted—and I cut bread and butter, what eager discussions arose on the novels we admired and the heroes we adored! Later on a Monday evening, the "gurl" would make her appearance with a newspaper (marked here and there with concentric rings darkly indicative of porter, and held carefully, a fold of her apron intervening between it and her fingers) to deliver the same to my aunt with "Mr. Corrigan's," or sometimes "the Parlour's," compliments, and hopes Miss M'Murrough is quite well.

To which my aunt would reply suitably; and, perhaps, invite the parlor to "step up," with a running commentary to us: "A very well-informed man, that Corrigan; none of your narrow-minded bigots. I always think he must be connected with the press, he has such a leading-article way of talking." Then my aunt, who was a keen politician, would

draw the candle closer, hold up the newspaper in dangerous proximity to the flame, and plunge into the contents; every now and then murmuring loud comments, sometimes complimentary, but more frequently the reverse, on men and things; occasionally reading out remarkably uninteresting passages, which used to clash drolly enough with our young sentimentalities whispered under cover of the newspaper.

I well remember the fatal evening on which—grown by habit secure in my aunt's absorption—I ventured some more than usually demonstrative expression of feelings, which not even the unromantic influence of yellow stockings and the refrigerating routine of a lawyer's office had prevented from growing up in my heart towards my pretty play-fellow. Never shall I forget the petrifying effect of my aunt's keen black eyes, piercing through me over the top of the paper. A startling silence and stillness fell down at once upon us, broken only by the loud and awful Hem! with which my aunt cleared her throat for action.

What terrific address might have followed, who can tell? had not a tap at the door at the imminent moment announced the never more welcome Corrigan. My aunt was more than commonly upright and stately on that occasion, and alluded frequently to "mee late brother's" intimacy with many political characters. On Mr. C.'s remarking that the eloquent mimber for Ballykillruddery was, he feared, playing a double game with his party—his name having been missed from two divisions, and he known to have got a cousin into the post-office, and his nurse's step-daughter's nephew into the police—Miss M'Murrough observed: "What was to be expected from the son of a small Ballykillruddery attorney? It was mee father first made a man of him," she continued. "Mee father was always for encouraging cleverness; and I well remimber Peter Flynn—mee father's butler, Mr. Corrigan—saying he thought the sight would never come back to his eyes the first time he saw little Micke Brady sitting down to dinner with The Master. Times are a good deal changed since that, sir, but I have often heard mee late brother mention that Micke Brady was not a bad sort of fellow, and often gave him orders to get people into places—I don't understand rightly where—but I know he did not quite forget what he owed our family."

"Then, faith, ma'am," said Mr. C., who was remarkable for the ease of his manners, "you should give the honorable mimber a reminder now, and make him get this young gentleman a place under government; for he is all and all with the Marquis of Clanjamfrey."

"It would be shorter to spake to the marquis meeself," replied my Aunt Honoria, with dignity. "He is only a fourth cousin once removed on mee mother's side."

At this piece of information Mr. Corrigan twisted his mouth for one half second into the expression of a whistle; and then opened it to observe, that, for his part, though he despised the adventitious glare of rank, he would not leave such a cousin in ignorance of the lad's existence, and of his willingness to serve his country. To which my aunt rejoined sharply, that it was easy to despise what we did not possess; and, as to making Lord Clanjamfrey of use, there had been a feud between the families, and she did not know if she would condescend to ask a favor of him.

I confess that my faith in Aunt Honoria's influence with cabinet ministers and members of parliament was far from strong; and the only effect her discourse produced on my mind was to raise dim, hopeless desires, that some one or other would, some day, get me a government clerkship with a rising-salary paid quarterly.

After having been transfixed on that fatal Monday evening by my aunt's keen optics, I was naturally more prudent in my attentions to Mary Lyle; who became all the more pensive and sad, in spite of the sharp, short, burning little assurance of affection I always managed to snatch on the stairs, when she lighted me down.

At last, dear old Aunt Honoria could hold out no longer; and, one Sunday evening, there was an unprecedented tremulousness and hesitation in her manner. She looked at us, too, now and then, in a tender, earnest way, that seemed to be bringing tears into her eyes. Presently, with unsteady voice, she laid her hand upon my arm, and said, "It looks a foolish business enough, mee poor children, but I can't say ye no! And perhaps your love for each other, and hoping to be together, will help you on; for, it's wearying to work hard without any hope beyond getting the bare food and raiment.

But now think well, mee dears, and consider whether you have the stuff in you that can wait patiently and faithfully for long years, and whether you love each other too much to do anything rash—ay! a long engagement is a terrible trial, but where's the use of mere talking?—it's little a pair like you will mind advice now, so ye must run the chances. Our fathers and mothers did before, only God guide ye through them, mee darlin'," she concluded, kissing Mary heartily; and, giving her eyes a furtive rub, rushed into a furious attack upon the gurl for not having brought up the kettle, and "it going on for siven o'clock."

From this period I became, by slow degrees, dimly conscious that a certain mystery pervaded my aunt's manner, and even her movements. More than once, on Mary's observing that she ought to take another cup of tea, because she had come in so very late and seemed to have been so very far that day, my aunt snapt her up hastily, declaring that she had only been round the corner to rebuke the butterman, or to exhort the laundress. Twice also did I, in the course of my professional duties, run against her in the neighborhood of the Treasury, and once found myself face to face with her black reticule and baggy umbrella at the entrance to the House of Commons; but, a short and confused account of business connected with "mee late brother," and a recommendation not to indulge useless curiosity, silenced me.

One August evening, more than a year after the above-mentioned encounters, I mounted the stairs at Number Five, Hanbury Terrace, with a heavy heart. Messrs. Pluckett and Maule had that morning refused my modest request for an increase of salary after five years' service, and had insinuated a doubt as to whether they would require my services much longer.

When I opened the door, my aunt, bolt upright, was reading a letter, and Mary, her bright hair a little disordered, was clinging round her in tears. No sooner did they perceive me than they both made a rush to embrace me. My amazement was not soon diminished; for, during several minutes, I could distinguish nothing comprehensible in their exclamations.

"It was a true word of Corrigan's, that I ought to make use of mee relations; an old stock like ours is sure to have some influence," exclaimed my aunt.

"And you will be free from five every evening, and have a fortnight's holiday to go anywhere you like every year," whispered Mary.

"Eighty pounds a-year to begin on, mee precious boy," continued my aunt rapturously, "and a certain rise—if you behave well—(and there is no fear of ye), may-be to the head clerkship and four huudred a-year, and all through y'r poor Aunt Honoria."

After some urgent entreaties and skilful cross-examination, I extricated the true state of the case. The letter contained an appointment for me in her Majesty's Hank and Wax office, with all the advantages incoherently set forth by my aunt and Mary. For this, Miss Honoria M'Murrough had besieged the eloquent member for Ballykillruddery, her cousin the marquis, and every parliamentary acquaintance of "mee poor brother," with a pertinacity which she confessed that evening, over a raking pot of tea, had but little food for hope at the outset. "But, mee dear, 'nothing venture nothing have;'" so I went on and on, through rain and storm, and waiting-rooms and impudent flunkies, till, what with old letters to mee poor brother about his newspaper, and what with being tired of the sight of me, and little Micke Brady acting like a rale friend at last, I got the appointment, and your fortune's made."

What a joyous confused tea-drinking! What castles in the air! What overleaping all intermediate steps! What arranging of furniture in our future domicile, and settling how my aunt should keep house when we went on our summer tours.

In another year I was able to take my pretty Mary to a cosy little home of our own; where, before long, my aunt found her presence so really useful as well as welcome, that she yielded to our entreaties to tear herself away from Number Five, Hanbury Terrace, and to take up her abode for the rest of her active life with us.

And this was—and is—the end of Number Five, Hanbury Terrace, aforesaid.

From The Boston Courier.

## THOMAS CRAWFORD.

It is now a little more than eighteen years since we first heard the name of Thomas Crawford. Mr. Sumner, in a letter dated from the neighborhood of Rome, July 26, 1839, spoke of him in language which we venture to quote, and which will now be read with melancholy interest on account of its prophetic spirit. "In my last letter dated from Rome I mentioned that there was an American sculptor there, who needed and deserved more patronage than he has. I wish now to call your particular attention to his case, and through you to interest for him such of my friends as you may choose to mention it to. He is Mr. Thomas Crawford of New York; he commenced life humbly; learned something of sculpture in the study of Frazee, where, among other things, he worked upon the heads of Judge Prescott and Judge Story; here he saved some little money and gained a love for his art; and on this capital (of which his devotion to his profession was the larger part) he came abroad to study here the great remains of ancient sculpture. Here he studied diligently, and formed a pure, classical, and decided taste, loving and feeling the antique and Thorwaldsen. The latter, I have occasion to know, has shown him much kind consideration, which of itself is no mean praise among the thousand young artists of Rome, and from the greatest sculptor of modern times. The three principal English sculptors here, whose names are well known in their own country, though they may not have reached you, speak of Crawford as a remarkable artist. And I will add, that I think he gives promise of doing more than they have done. I have seen his bas-reliefs, the heads he has done, and some of his most important studies. They all show the right direction: they are simple, chaste, firm, and expressive." Then follows a description and high praise of the Orpheus which he was then engaged in modelling.

Crawford, at the date of the letter from which the above extract is taken, was twenty-six years old, having been born in New York in 1813, and he has been for four years a resident of Rome. His life had been up to that time, and was indeed for some years afterwards, one of uncomplaining privation, patient toil, and gallant endurance. He had

but few acquaintances beyond the circle of art: his manners were reserved and uncourtly: his commissions were few and small, and there were doubtless many moments when the burden of expectation rested heavily upon him, and his ardent spirit, conscious of unoccupied power, chafed under the discipline of inaction. But his was one of those vigorous natures that are never paralyzed or weakened by the want of present success or immediate recognition. Come what might, he could not and would not be idle. His hands must find something to do; and he would do it with all his might. Many years afterwards, when we were standing with him before the statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican, he remarked in a quiet way that he had once made a marble copy of this work, for the sum of four hundred dollars, if we remember right: at any rate it was, an incredibly small sum, such as could hardly have secured to him, during the prosecution of the work, the wages of a day laborer. With a man of such genius, and such resolution, success was simply a question of time.

When Mr. Sumner returned home in 1840, he procured by subscription among his friends the means of sending to Crawford an order for a marble copy of the statue of Orpheus for the Boston Athenæum. This work arrived in the course of the next year, and the admiration it awakened fully justified Mr. Sumner's report of its merits, and at once gave the sculptor a high and sure place in art. The reception of the statue in Boston was an era in his life, such as so frequently occurs in the career of the artist; marking the moment in which the star of his genius begins to rise above the horizon, and to attract the general eye. Commissions now began to come to him in moderate measure. The Cupid, owned by Mr. Jonathan Phillips, the group of Mercury and Pandora, in the possession of Mr. Parker, and the head of Medora, of which Mr. J. J. Dixwell and Prof. Parsons have copies, belong to this period of his life.

In 1844 he came to this country, and in the course of the same year was married to Miss Louisa Ward, second daughter of the late Samuel Ward, of New York, a union which secured to him the most entire and exquisite happiness, and acted in the most favorable manner alike upon the development of his genius and the opening of his

character. To a reserved and concentrated nature like his, which found little satisfaction in the light pleasures of society, and still less in the riot and excess of that wild life in which so many Artists waste their time and impair their powers, the soothing and tranquillizing influences of domestic life were of great importance: and they were given to him in as large measure as the lot of humanity will permit. From this time forward his whole being turned upon two poles; his art and his home. He worked with impassioned diligence in his studio, and the refreshment which exhausted nature demanded was drawn from the purest and sweetest sources that earth can furnish.

From the date of his marriage his life flowed on in an unbroken current of occupation and peace: his genius every day drawing the materials of growth from the calm air of happiness. His devotion to his art, which had carried him so heroically through his long years of waiting and struggle, kept the firm temper of his spirit from yielding, in the least degree, to the blandishments of comparative ease. Success, recognition, the assurance of work, acted upon Crawford's nature like dew and sunshine upon the flower. With him to be occupied was happiness: to be idle was torture. We never knew a man to whom might be more truly applied that fine illustration of Luther's, which compares the human heart to a millstone which, when wheat is put under it, grinds the wheat, but when there is no wheat there grinds and tears itself. He was never happier, never in higher spirits, than when he had as much to do as could be accomplished only by the most resolute and uninterrupted industry. What to most men would have been a burden was to him only a spur.

The writer of this notice spent the greater part of the winter of 1847-48, and a portion of the spring of 1848, in Rome; and not a day passed without seeing more or less of Crawford. He was then living in the Corso, in a suite of rooms not long afterwards exchanged for the second floor of the Villa Negroni. His studio was in the Piazza Barberini. Two young children were already blooming round his hearth. How busily, how happily his days went by! In the winter season there are always many Ameri-

cans resident in Rome, and all who had any claims were received at his house with that cordial and sincere hospitality which brought back to the wanderer's heart the sweet sensations of home. How distinctly do these pictures of the past rise up before the mind's eye! the pleasant room, lighted up with the genial wood fire; the warm grasp of the outstretched hand; the beaming smile, that was a heart-smile as well as a lip-smile; the sweet, stammering Italian of the little girl, not forgetting the friendly wag of Carlo's tail—a good dog—but who would hunt the sheep on the Campagna, and always came back from our walks with one end of his master's handkerchief tied to his collar, and a very penitent expression in his pendulous ears.

Crawford was at that period busily engaged in his profession, but not so absorbed by it that he could not give to us many precious and profitable hours of companionship. With him we rambled in long walks over the Campagna, visited the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol, and explored all the highways and bye-ways of Rome; listening to his instructive conversation on art, and to those fresh and interesting revelations of Italian life and manners which his long residence in the land, and his familiar acquaintance with its people so well qualified him to make. Occasionally, too, though rarely, he would let drop an incidental reminiscence or two of his own early struggles and privations; but in the most simple and natural way, as one not disposed to magnify or parade his claims to sympathy on that behalf. Should we ever visit Rome again, there would hang over its temples and fragments a more pensive shade than that cast by those solemn teachings of Time which address all experiences alike:—

"But, O, for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

We live by memory and hope: in the sharp sense of present bereavement, in the consciousness that a light has been taken away from the path of life, let us not forget what we have had. Those vanished hours are forever locked in the heart, and cannot be taken from it till it has ceased to beat. If "a thing of beauty be a joy forever," still more so is the memory of the precious moments passed in full communion and deep

sympathy with a noble and affectionate nature, by whose influences our own was quickened, elevated and inspired.

In 1849, Crawford visited America with his family and remained here some months. While he was here, the State of Virginia invited competition from artists for a monument in honor of Washington, and he was induced to enter the lists. The design which he presented was at once preferred to all others, and we believe without a dissenting voice among those upon whom the duty of selection was devolved. He felt, and, with the frank simplicity of his nature, expressed great pleasure in this success. It was indeed the crowning triumph of his life, and gave him entire assurance that all his future was sure, both in comprehension and occupation. His genius had hitherto moved exclusively in the region of the beautiful; there indeed it was at home, and no artist's imagination was ever more fruitful than his in shapes of loveliness and grace: but in the core of his heart there was a deep longing for the opportunity of soaring into the higher sphere of the grand, the heroic, the sublime. He had an instinctive conviction—and it was a true one—that his best strength lay here. The execution of the monument to Washington called forth and tasked all his faculties; and he addressed himself to his work with no misgiving or self-distrust, but with the serene composure of a mature and disciplined mind, perfectly conscious of its powers, and calmly welcoming the occasion that taxed them to the utmost. Several private commissions, of a most gratifying kind, were given to him; the statue of James Otis for the Mount Auburn Chapel was entrusted to him: and at a later period, a new and proud professional triumph was won by him when he was selected to execute so many of the works in sculpture designed for the embellishment of the Capitol.

From his return to Rome in 1849, till his last fatal illness, his life was one of intense and incredible labor; and the amount of work he accomplished was proportionably great. His toil was commonly protracted far into the night, and sometimes extended into the morning hours. In the space of eighteen months, if we remember rightly, he designed and modelled upwards of twenty statues: some of them of heroic size; an achievement to which the annals of art

hardly afford a parallel. Without doubt, he worked too hard, and overtasked his powers: though we believe the disease of which he died had no connection with this fact. The Washington Monument, his labors for the Capitol, the noble statue of Beethoven, the group of the Children in the Wood, the Hebe and Ganymede, were executed during this period. A long life of the highest achievement, crowned with the most enduring triumphs, seemed to be before him; for he was of a vigorous frame; and with the exception of one of those fevers incident to Rome, his residence in that city had been marked by uninterrupted health. But it was not so ordained; and the summons went forth to withdraw from earth the light of his genius just as it had reached its full meridian height.

He came to America in 1856, and returned to Italy in the autumn of the same year, leaving his family behind him. Knowing how severe and protracted his toils had been, we were struck with the unworn vigor and energy which animated his countenance and beamed from his movements. There had always been the stamp of power upon his presence, but it had never seemed so marked as now. There was no touch of languor or weariness in him: there was not a fibre in all his frame which did not seem informed with vital force. His spirits, too, were high and radiant: hope and joy were sparkling upon his crest; and there was in him a delightful mixture of grand, manly power and boyish light-heartedness. He had grown in all things since we last saw him. With what delight, admiration and pride we looked upon him! What a glorious future we saw before him! But even then the shaft of death had been sped to its mark.

During the latter weeks of his residence here his friends had observed a slight protrusion of the left eye. This proved to be the first indication of a cancerous tumor upon the brain. The evil kept slowly but steadily increasing after his return to Rome in the autumn. He made light of it at first in his letters to his wife; and probably he wrote as he felt; for he had a brave spirit, and never anticipated or magnified trouble. But he was soon obliged to bow his head under the weight of the burden that was imposed upon it. Sadly and reluctantly he laid aside his chisel, and turned away from his

unfinished plans; but could not yield to the conviction that his earthly work was done. He was tenderly and carefully nursed by a beloved sister with whom his relations had always been of the most intimate and affectionate character. But we need not recount in detail the successive steps of a long path of sorrow, growing darker at every moment. The seat of his disease was examined by an operation in Rome, but with no very hopeful result. In compliance with the advice of his physician, he was removed to Paris, where he was joined by his wife; but there, after due examination, his case was pronounced beyond the resources of surgical skill. From Paris he was taken to London in the hope that something might be done for him by a distinguished medical gentleman, a countryman also, who had long given particular attention to the disease under which he was languishing. The first results of the new treatment gave birth to a few faint gleams of hope, but the dark cloud soon settled over him again. His decline was gradual, for his powerful constitution and strong will fought inch by inch against the foe of life. His sufferings were most severe and protracted, but they were most patiently and heroically borne. His sickness indeed brought out traits of character not suspected by those who knew him but superficially. He was of a naturally impatient spirit, and sometimes chafed at trifles; but underneath this external impressibility there lay a deep heart of reserved endurance and fortitude; and now when the trial had gone so far beyond the temperament, and the great burden was laid upon the inner soul, it was serenely and calmly borne, as God's appointment at which no child of his should murmur. The noblest work of his hands—his Washington or Beethoven—was not nobler than the grandeur of his death. On the tenth of October after nearly a year of suffering, the merciful summons of relief came.

Crawford's whole life and entire powers were given to his art. From his very boyhood he had no other hope, purpose or aspiration than to be a sculptor. No stone-cutter ever labored in his trade more assiduously and steadily than he did in his studio; and thus, in considering his claims to be remembered and honored, we are first of all to ask what his rank in his art. To this question there can be but one answer, that it is

very high. About his exact, comparative place there may be a difference of opinion; but there can be no difference among candid minds as to his positive rank. In our judgment there is no sculptor in modern times who can be pronounced his superior, unless, perhaps, Thorwaldsen may be excepted—we do not speak of Rauch, as we have not had the opportunity of seeing his works—and had Crawford lived to the age of the great Scandinavian, posterity would have given him, at least, as high a place upon the roll of fame. But this is vague commendation, though strong: he deserves a more discriminating praise.

The range of sculpture is limited compared with that of painting. It can only reproduce the forms of men and of animals, the former draped or undraped, singly or in groups. Two sculptors cannot differ from each other as widely as two painters may. In judging of the merits of a work in marble or bronze, we have to consider first, whether it is a faithful representation of external forms; and second, whether it truly and vividly expresses the passions, emotions, and sentiments of humanity. The latter includes the former. A figure which had character and expression, but was defective in anatomy and proportion, could only please in a very imperfect degree; like poetry which was original in conception, but marred by bad grammar. Thus, there is an obvious division of sculptors into those who are merely imitative, and those who are also imaginative and inventive. Crawford, without question or dispute, was of the latter class. He was an original thinker in his art; and his works are not merely reproductions of forms, but speak a language which addresses itself to the mind of the spectator as well as his eye. Take, for instance, the Beethoven in the Music Hall in Boston: we have here not merely the stature, the features, the limbs, the garb of the illustrious composer, but his inward and intellectual character is stamped upon the bronze. His great genius is here visible, and his sorrows, not less great: his ideal splendors and his real distresses: the glorious music that rang and streamed through his soul, and the deep frost of silence that sealed the external sense: the vehement temperament: the passionate sensibilities: the roughness, the sternness, the tenderness—all are here. We do

not think of saying of this statue that it is a correct likeness, that the costume is well managed, that it is admirably cast,—though all these are true,—but we pronounce it noble, pathetic, heroic: our most obvious epithets are those which express intellectual and not physical perceptions. And this was more or less characteristic of all his works, especially of those executed in the latter part of his life. They are not merely forms, but symbols.

He was also remarkable for the range and variety of this creative power. He was equally at home in the regions of the sublime and of the beautiful. At his touch, the ideal forms of Grecian mythology started into lovely life; and the same hand reproduced with the same skill the character, the expression, the costume of to-day. The whole range of humanity, from the heroic grandeur of his Washington to the pathetic tenderness of his Children in the Wood, was open to him. Were all the productions of his life brought together, the observer could not help being impressed with the rich creativeness of his inventive power. Some sculptors would suffer by such a test; because it would be seen that their works, however beautiful separately, were mainly variations of the same essential type; but Crawford would gain by it. It would then be seen that he was no mannerist: that he did not copy himself: that his fancy was not haunted and tyrannized over by any one set of ideas, which were always breaking out into substantially the same shape, but that he drew from the ever-living fountains of imagination and invention fresh conceptions and new forms.

From the vigor of the inventive faculty that was in him, it happened that the patient finish of his works was not always equal to the beauty and power of the original conception. Laborious as he was, the toil of his hands could not keep pace with the fervid movements of his spirit. A new idea would start to life within him, and demand embodiment in marble. And so, when the work in hand had so far made progress as to express and reproduce the ideal image which stood before the eye of the mind, he turned from him to welcome the coming shape around which the morning purple of promise played. And as he was an artist, and not a mechanic, an inventor, and not an imitator,—as he

moved where the spirit of his inspiration moved,—it followed that there was in his works that inequality which is one of the signs which distinguish genius from mere cleverness and manual skill.

Crawford made no pretensions to any wide range of general cultivation. His eminence in sculpture was attained by a devotion so exclusive as to leave no time for anything else. He did not claim to be a scholar, or even to be learned in the literature of art. He was very averse to anything like display; never made ambitious discourses or declamatory harangues; never brought theories into the drawing room, or gave lectures from the sofa. But he had read much and thought more upon subjects connected with art; and his vigorous understanding turned everything to use that it grasped. His conversation was always interesting, from its freshness, energy, and sincerity: his criticisms were instructive, from their independence and originality. He had lived so long in Italy, and for many years so much among its people, that he had acquired a very accurate knowledge of the national life and character; and his own observation had furnished him with many interesting traits and anecdotes. He had lived in Rome through the horrors of the cholera; and a competent literary faculty might have found the materials for most moving narrative in the fearful pictures which that terrible experience left upon his memory.

Crawford's character was strong and peculiar. He was always manly, truthful, sincere, and brave; and there never was a trait of meanness, jealousy, or treachery in his soul. Time, which developed his genius, also improved him in other respects; it softened and mellowed him; and made him more genial, engaging, and attractive. In youth and early manhood there was a certain roughness and bluntness about him which repelled casual approach. Up to the age of thirty his life had been one of struggle, solitude, and privation: and eight years of it had been passed among strangers in a foreign land. These influences, acting upon a peculiar temperament, had affected his manners, and even, to some extent, his character. In society he was apt to be reserved and abstracted; and he would sometimes break his silence by a vehemence of expression a little startling to the smooth surface of polished life.

He had very warm friends; but apart from the admiration awakened by his genius, and the respect inspired by his character, he neither sought nor gained general popularity. But his marriage, and the brilliant professional success which came after it—the former more than the latter—brought a benediction with them. The tenderness which had always lain hidden in the depth of his nature now came nearer to the surface. The peace which brooded over his soul extended itself to his manner: as his affections deepened, his sympathies too were expanded, and more readily moved. His character lost nothing of its manliness and its sincerity; but, externally, he had no longer any thing to suppress, and the air of happiness diffused a graciousness and gentleness over his bearing in general society which had not been observed in former years.

A remarkable peculiarity about Crawford was his freedom from those weaknesses of character and infirmities of temperament to which artists are most exposed. He never envied another man's success, nor was jealous of another man's reputation: he was not given to evil speaking or disparaging criticisms: he was indeed not in the habit of comparing himself with others, and his ruling motive was the love of excellence, and not the love of excelling. He was not greedy of praise, or desirous of attracting attention to himself by any peculiarities of speech, manner, or costume. He rarely spoke about himself or his art at all, and never except in the freedom of the most unreserved intercourse with his friends. He was, of course, not unsensible to the love of fame; but he had not that love of praise which craves daily food, and languishes if it be withdrawn. His character was marked by transparent simplicity; he neither concealed what he was, nor affected to be what he was not.

Nor was Crawford's vigorous nature assailable by those temptations which proceed from the temperament and the blood. Artists are apt to have clamorous and exacting senses; and the nature of their pursuits is not generally such as to lay a curb upon them. In the chase after beauty, the soul is in danger of being led into slippery paths. Many artists, too, so far from putting a moral law upon themselves, and living in the bracing air of self-denial, rather encourage these wild movements of the senses, or at least

permit themselves to seek relaxation after toil in indulgencies which spot the life and impair the powers. But Crawford's "genius had angelic wings" that were never clogged with the weight of the senses or soiled by their stains. To temptations of this class he was as insensible as one of his own marble statues. There was in him that same combination of wealth of imagination and simplicity of life which so exalts the name of Milton. With work, opportunity, the sense of progress, he could have lived on bread and water without a murmur. In all his domestic relations he was the manliest, the truest, and tenderest, the most unselfish man that ever held up the fabric of a home. Beyond that charmed circle, his thoughts, his wishes, his hopes never strayed. He had no need of the excitements and exhilarations of society; and would not have given a handful of marble chips for any amount of those social triumphs which are as fleeting as the cut flowers of a ball-room.

If this life were all—if through the gate of death the mind did not pass into a new sphere of growth and development—if the beauty of earth did not bloom, anew, and put on splendors before unknown in the air and light of heaven—the thought would be hard to bear that all these powers were taken away at the age of forty-four. We can measure what we have, but who can tell what we have lost in the future of so great an artist! And yet, looking at such dispensations from this "our bank and shoal of time," we can find in them some soothing and consoling elements. The image of a man which is transmitted to posterity is generally of the age at which he died. Thus we always think of Titian, of Michael Angelo, of Goethe, as old men. But if age be venerable, youth is lovely. The world cherishes with peculiar fondness and tenderness the memory of men who, like Raphael and Mozart, have accomplished much, and yet died young. The blossom of promise hangs on the bough beside the matured fruit. Into that choice company Crawford has passed. He has not died prematurely, for he had put the work of a long life into his forty-four years: and yet he has died in his prime. What Goethe said of Schiller, whose earthly career was closed when only two years older, is applicable to him: "We may well hold him fortunate that he rose to the world of spirits from the summit of human existence, that he was taken by a short agony

from among the living. The weaknesses of old age, the decline of intellectual power, he never felt. He lived a man, and went from hence a man complete. Now he enjoys in the eyes of posterity the advantage of appearing as one eternally vigorous and young. For in that form in which a man leaves the earth, he moves among the shades; and thus Achilles remains present with us, a youth eternally striving. It is well for us also that he died early. From his grave comes forth the breath of his power, and strengthens us, awakening in us the most ardent impulse to continue lovingly, forever and ever, the work which he began. Thus he will ever live for his nation and the human race, in that which he accomplished and planned."

In Delaroché's fine work, the "Hemicycle of the Arts," we see the great artists of modern times,—painters, sculptors, and architects,—brought together and disposed in natural groups, standing or seated. Some, like Titian, Palladio, Michael Angelo, Leonardo de Vinci, are represented as old men: some, like Rubens and Rembrandt, are in the fullness of ripened prime: and some, like Raphael, and Massacio, are in the bloom of youth. Into that great assemblage Crawford has been received; a worthy compeer of the worthiest. There his image stands forever, in the glow of early manhood: the morning light not yet vanished, and the evening shadows afar off. Hope yet elevates the brow, and parts the lips: there is no retrospect in the ardent glance: the future yet smiles and beckons. The thick locks, the vigorous frame, the firm tread, speak of unworn energies, of the elastic heart of youth; of that fervid sense of power that eagerly seizes opportunity, and grapples fearlessly with toil. Weakness is not there; nor decay, nor disappointment: the spirit yet says, Come; and fame, the newly-won bride, is still wooed as a lover wooes.

#### THE FUNERAL OF CRAWFORD.

DECEMBER 5TH, 1857.

We thankfully acknowledge the privilege of laying before our readers the following graceful Memorial, from the pen of one of our favorite poets, in honor of the illustrious cultivator of a congenial art, whose remains are borne to their last resting place today.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The tears that silent fall,  
The ritual and the pall,  
The dirge and crowd of mourners gathered round,  
Declare a vanished breath,  
The cold eclipse of Death—  
But Worth and Genius read its narrow bound:  
The offspring cannot die:  
And fondly hover nigh  
To soothe the anguish they may not control;

What an undying race,  
In forms of placid grace,  
To Fancy's gaze reveal the Sculptor's soul!  
A harp's low, quivering note  
Above us seems to float  
Like the faint murmur of a lover's sigh,  
And a lithe shape to glide  
Seeking the ravished bride,  
As eager Orpheus moves expectant by!  
And Liberty's appeal  
From lips of bronze to steal,  
As Eloquence uplifts Persuasion's hand;  
While near, transfixed in thought,  
From inward rapture caught,  
Music's high priest before us seems to stand.  
With firm, exalted mien,  
In rectitude serene,  
Our Country's Father reins his martial steed;  
And thronging to the rite,  
Looms on our aching sight,  
A vast procession from the quarry freed;—  
Pandora's queenly breast,  
And Cupid's loving zest,  
The Grecian hero and the Saxon child;  
And death's angelic sleep  
Seems evermore to creep  
O'er the clasp'd infants lost amid the wild.  
Hushed be the requiem's wail,  
As forms so mute and pale,  
Yet warmed to life by thy creative art,  
Haste, like pure spirits, here,  
To consecrate thy bier,  
And living still proclaim thy dauntless heart.  
Beauty's immortal quest  
Sustained privation's test,  
Until youth's vision manhood's prize became;  
Then the delights of home,  
And hallowed air of Rome,  
Crowned thy unswerving prime with love and fame!  
In Fortune's noon of might  
Came the relentless blight,  
And Life's best triumphs thou no more couldst share;  
Those hands that nobly wrought,  
And truth enamored sought,  
The chisel loosened then—to fold in prayer!  
The grief whose shadows rest  
Here in thy native West,  
An echo wakes in Art's perennial clime;  
Thy marble children wait,  
In beauty desolate,  
And brothers mourn thee in that haunt of Time!  
The sunset's pensive flush,  
The fountain's moaning gush,  
Campaigns flowers sweeter incense breathe,  
Beneath the Palatine,  
In studio and shrine,  
Glory and Woe their palm and cypress wreath!  
With Art's eternal calm,  
With Faith's all-healing balm,  
And Love's unfading smile,—thy spirit fled;  
Ah, no! by these we feel  
Its presence o'er us steal,  
Though kneeling tearful here beside the dead.

H. T. T.

From Household Words.

## MY LOST HOME.

In the still hours of the night ; in the evening rest from labor—when the twilight shadows darken my solitary room, and oftentimes in the broad glare of day, amongst the eager busy merchants on 'Change—it comes before me ; the picture of my lost shadowy home. So dim and indistinct at times seems that line that separates my past from my present self ; so dream-like seem the events that have made me the hunted outcast which I am, that painful as my history is, it is a mental relief to me to go over it step by step and dwell upon the faces of those who are now lost to me for evermore.

It seems but yesterday—although many years have passed away—that I was in a position of trust in the counting-house of Askew Dobell, and Picard. A quaint, old, red-brick house it was ; standing in a court-yard, up a gate-way, in a lane in the City leading down to the river. I see it as plainly as if it stood before me now, with the old cherubim carving over the door-way ; the green mossy stones in the yard : the twelve half-gallon fire-buckets hanging up, all painted with the City arms ; the long, narrow windows, with their broad, flat, wooden frames ; the dark oaken rooms, especially the one where I used to sit, looking out into the small, square burial-ground of a church, with half-a-dozen decayed, illegible tombstones ; frail memorials of old Turkey merchants who were born, who lived, and who died under the shadow of the one melancholy tree that waved before my window ; the long, dark passages, with more fire-buckets ; and the large fireplaces, with their elaborate fluted marble mantle shelves and pilasters.

I entered the service of those old merchants about the age of sixteen, fresh from the Blue-Coat School ; a raw, ungainly lad, with no knowledge or experience of the world, and with a strong letter of recommendation from the head master, which procured me a junior clerkship. Our business was conducted with a steady tranquillity—an almost holy calm—in harmony with the place ; which had the air of a sacred temple dedicated to commerce. I rose, step by step ; till at last, about the age of thirty, I attained the position of a firstclass clerk. My advance was not due to any remarkable ability that I had displayed ; nor because I had excited the

interest of any member of the firm, for I seldom saw the faces of my employers. It was purely the result of a system which ordained a general rise throughout the house when any one clerk died, or was pensioned off. Old Mr. Askew, the founder of the house,—a man, so tradition said, who had once been a porter at the doorway, which now owned him for a master—had practically retired from business to a similar quaint old mansion at Peckham. He never came to the City more than twelve times a year, to inspect the monthly balances ; and then, he only remained about an hour. He did not even know the names of half the people in his employment. Mr. Dobell, the second partner, was twenty years younger than Mr. Askew ; active, decisive, and retiring : a man whose whole mind was devoted to his business, and who looked upon us all as only so many parts of a machine for carrying out his objects. The third partner in the firm, Mr. Picard, was a man of very different stamp from the other two. At one period he had been our managing clerk, and he obtained his share in the business in the same year that I entered the house. He was of French extraction ; thin, sallow, with small grey eyes, and light sandy hair. His age, at the time I am writing of, must have been near fifty. Although his origin was very obscure—some of our old clerks remembering him walking about the Docks in an almost shoeless state—his pride was very great, and his harshness, sternness, and uneasy, fretful, and ever-conscious attempts at dignity, were a painful contrast to the quiet, off-hand manner of Mr. Dobell, or the venerable and dreamy calmness of old Mr. Askew. He was a bad-hearted, cold, calculating man,—a man with a strong, reckless will ; who allowed nothing to stand between him and his self-interest. When he came into authority, and had his name put up as one of the firm, his humble relations were removed to a distance ; and a poor old Irishwoman, who had kept a fruit-stand upon sufferance under our gateway for many years, was swept away, because he felt that she remembered him in the days of his poverty.

My position and duties required me to live in the house, and to take charge of the place. When I married, I took my wife, Esther, to our old City home, and our one child, little Margaret, was born there. The child was a

little blue-eyed, fair-haired thing; and it was a pleasing sight to see her, between two and three years of age, trotting along the dark passages, and going carefully up the broad oaken stairs. On one occasion she was checked by the order of Mr. Picard for making a noise during business hours; and from ten to five, she had to confine herself to her little dingy room at the top of the house. She was a great favorite with many of the old childless clerks, who used to bring her presents of fruit in the summer mornings. Scarcely a day passed but what I stole an hour—my dinner hour—to play with her; and, in the long summer evenings, I carried her down to the river to watch the boats. Sometimes, on Sundays, I took her out of the city into the fields about Canonbury, and carried her back again loaded with buttercups. She was a companion to me—often-times my only companion, with her innocent prattle, and gentle, winning ways—for my wife, Esther, was cold and reserved in her manners, with settled habits, formed before our marriage. She was an earnest Baptist, and attended regularly three times a week, a chapel for that persuasion, in Finsbury. My home often looked cheerless enough, when little Margaret had retired to bed, and my wife's empty chair stood before me; but I did not complain—it would not have been just for me to do so—for I knew Esther's opinions and habits before I married her; yet I thought I discerned, beneath the hard sectarian crust, signs of a true, womanly, loving heart; signs, amongst the strict faith and stern principles, of an affection equal to my own. I may have been mistaken in her, as she was mistaken—O how bitterly mistaken—in me! Her will was stronger than mine, and it fretted itself silently, but incessantly, in vain endeavors to lead me along the path she had chosen for herself. She may have misunderstood my resistance, as I may have misapprehended her motives for desiring to alter my habits and tone of thinking. There were probably faults and errors on both sides.

Thus we went on from day to day: Esther going in her direction and I going in mine, while the child acted as a gentle link that bound us together.

About this time Mr. Askew finally retired from business, and there was a general step

upward throughout the house: Mr. Picard getting one degree nearer absolute authority. The first use that he made of his new power was to introduce an only son into the counting-house who had not been regularly brought up to the ranks of trade; but who had received, since his father's entrance as a member of the firm, a loose, hurried, crammed, half-professional education, and who had hovered for some time between the choice of a lawyer's office and a doctor's consulting-room. He was a high-spirited young man, whose training had been of that incomplete character, which had only served to unsteady him. He had his father's fault of a strong, reckless will, unchecked by anything like his father's cold, calculating head; though tempered by a virtue that his father never possessed—an open-hearted generosity. As he had everything to learn, and was a troublesome pupil, he was assigned to my care. His writing-table was brought into my office, and I had plenty of opportunity of judging of his character. With all his errors and shortcomings—not to say vices—it was impossible not to like him. There is always a charm about a free, impulsive nature that carries the heart where the judgment cannot follow. Surrounded, as I had been for so many years, by the restraints imposed by persons who made me feel that they were my masters, and with little congeniality and sympathy in my domestic relations, I gave myself up, perhaps too freely and unreservedly, to the influence of young Mr. Picard's society. Although more than ten years his senior, I held and claimed no authority over him! his more powerful will and bolder spirit holding me in subjection. I screened the fact of his late arrivals, and his frequent absences, by doing his work for him; and, for anything that Mr. Dobell or his father knew, he was the most promising clerk in the house. Little Margaret soon found him out, and took a childish liking to him. He was never tired of playing with her; and, seldom a week passed, that he did not bring her something new in the shape of toys or sweetmeats. My evenings at home, which used to be solitary, were now solitary no longer; either he came and kept me company, unknown to his father—who would have been indignant at his associating with one of the ordinary clerks—or (which was most fre-

quently the case) I accompanied him in his evening rambles about town. The gulf between me and Esther was greatly widened.

Thus our lives went on in the old city mansion, with little variety, until our child completed her third year.

Young Mr. Picard had been absent from the office for more than a week, and illness, as usual, was pleaded as the cause. In about four days more, he returned, looking, certainly, much thinner and paler than usual. I did not question him then as to the real cause of his absence: for there were arrears to work up, and he did not seem in a communicative humor. This was on a Saturday. On the following Monday, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, he brought in a cheque for five hundred pounds, drawn by the firm upon our bankers, Messrs. Burney, Holt, and Burney, of Lombard Street. This he told me, was an amount he had got his father and Mr. Dobell to advance him for a short period, to enter upon a little speculation on his own account, and he gave it to me to get changed when I went down to the bankers' to pay in money on the same afternoon. In the meantime he induced me to give him two hundred pounds on account, out of the cash that I, as cashier, had received during the day. Shortly afterwards he went away, saying he would receive the other portion in the morning. I went to the bankers' that afternoon, cashed the cheque for five hundred pounds, returned the two hundred to my cash charge, paid it in to the credit of the firm, and returned to the office with the three hundred pounds in my possession, in bank notes, for young Mr. Picard when he came in the morning. I never saw him again, and never shall, in this world.

As to the cheque—it was a forgery. The bankers had discovered it later in the evening, and I was taken into custody, with the bank notes in my pocket-book, by a Bow Street officer, acting under Mr. Picard senior's orders. My wife was not at home. Casting, therefore, one hurried glance at my poor, unconscious, sleeping child—a glance in which were concentrated the love and agony of a lifetime—I turned my back upon the old house to go with the officer to the appointed prison.

The next morning, at the preliminary examination before a magistrate, the charge was made out. I gave my explanation; but young Mr. Picard was not to be found, and

unsupported, as I was, by any evidence; with a string of circumstances so strongly against me, what could I expect? I was fully committed, and removed to Newgate to take my trial at the ensuing sessions.

Prostrated with grief and shame, I passed the first night in my dismal cell, in stupor rather than sleep; broken by thoughts of my lost home. My poor dear child seemed to me to be removed to an immeasurable distance—to belong to another world—and even my cold, passionless wife appeared in warmer and more wifely colors, and my heart was softened towards her. I felt as if I had left her, in the morning, full of health and strength, and had returned at nightfall to find her dead. I had gone carefully back through my past life, recalling opportunities that I had purposely avoided for reconciliation; magnifying little tendernesses of hers into acts of great and loving kindness, and dwelling with self-reproach upon those bitter hours when I resented what I thought was cold indifference.

In the morning I was fully aroused from my dream to the horrors of my position. I was innocent in the eyes of Heaven—inno-cent in the eyes of the law; but, for all that, I had met by anticipation the fate of the commonest felon. I was innocent, at present, in the eyes of the law; but I was herded without discrimination with the vilest outcasts of society. My short diurnal walk was taken in the common prison-yard with buff-lars, pickpockets, and all the varied dress of crime, and I was thankful when I was not dogged by the bloody footsteps of the murderer. Although innocent, at present, in the eyes of the law, I had to take my share in administering the internal economy of my prison. I had to scrub and wash and keep cleanly a portion of the gaol, lest any physical taint should come where there was so much moral pollution. I had to take my turn in sweeping the yard, that the dainty feet of the professional thief might not be soiled with his morning's promenade. Even now, after the lapse of years, worn down as I am by sorrow and long suffering, when I think of the treatment I received while awaiting my trial, my blood boils.

The first morning, at the visiting half-hour allowed by the prison regulations, from twelve to half-past, I was stopped in my short impatient walk by hearing my name called by

the turnkey: my wife had come to see me. I went to the grating where stood many of my fellow-prisoners talking to their wives and friends, and, making room against the bars, I brought myself face to face with Esther. There, outside another barrier, between which and my own walked the officer on duty, she stood with her cold, passionless face looking sterner and paler than usual; her thin lips firmly compressed, and her keen grey eyes fixed upon me with a searching, dubious expression. Thinking of the place I was in, and the character of my companions, whose voices, without one tone of sorrow or remorse, were busy around me; feeling cold, dirty, and miserable, and looking from all this upon Esther as she stood there before me in her Quakerish dress, and neat, clean respectability; I wavered for a moment in the belief of my innocence, and felt that there was an impassable gulf between us, which my desponding heart told me would never be bridged over.

"Esther," I said, "has young Mr. Picard been heard of? Is little Margaret well? Do my employers really believe me guilty?"

"Randall," she answered, in a calm, clear voice, "your own heart must tell you whether young Mr. Picard will ever be found. Our child, thank God, is well, and too young to know the great grief and shame that have fallen on us. Mr. Dobell has carefully avoided speaking to me upon the subject of your suspected crime, but Mr. Picard believes you guilty."

Though I could not clearly see the expression of her face, broken up as it was into isolated features by the double row of intervening bars, I felt that her eyes were fixed curiously upon me, and the tone of her voice, as she said this, told me that I was suspected—suspected even of crime far deeper than forgery! A cold shudder passed across my heart, and the old feeling of antagonism came back again to harden me.

"Randall," she continued in the same emotionless tone, "some money that I had saved for the child, I have devoted to your defence, and to procuring you certain comforts which you will sadly need here. If you are guilty, pray to be forgiven: if you are innocent, pray—as I and Margaret will pray—that this dark cloud may pass from us."

Her voice lingered in my ear, although she had left the place. I returned to pace the

stone yard of the prison. At night, as I lay awake upon the hard bed, those cold words, so full of duty but so wanting in love, still rang in my ears, resting like bars of lead upon my heart. In a neighboring cell were two cheerful rogues, free from all mental care, calmly planning crimes yet unperpetrated. A dark, defiant spirit was on my soul. I thought, perhaps, I should have been as happy, if I had been as guilty, as they. I fell into a short, uneasy sleep, in which little Margaret appeared to me standing at the gateway of the old mansion, with her slight dress fluttering in the wind. She was looking up and down the lane, and crying for a missing friend who did not come; and the faces of the cherubim in the carving over the gate were turned in pity upon her.

Twice again Esther visited me: still with the same story; for young Mr. Picard had not been found—still with the same tone—still with the same look. At length, the day of trial came. As I stood in the dock the first person my eye fell upon in the Court was Mr. Picard; his sallow face looking sallow lower than ever, his small, grey eyes peering quickly and sharply about him. He was there to watch over his family honor; to obtain a conviction at any cost, and to favor the belief that I had either murdered his son or had compelled him to keep out of the way. Esther was there, too, following the proceedings with quiet intensity; her face fixed as marble, and her eyes resting upon me the whole time without a tear. It was over at last, the long painful trial, and I was convicted; sentenced to transportation for life. I saw the triumph on Mr. Picard's features; and, with glazed eyes I saw Esther leave the Court with her dark veil closely drawn over her face. She stooped, and, I thought, sobbed; but I saw her no more. In a few weeks I was on the high seas, proceeding to a penal settlement. Often in the dead of night the vision of my fatherless child weeping in the gateway of the old mansion passed before me, and sometimes I heard her little gentle voice in the wailing of the wind. The veil had fallen over my lost home never to rise again—never but once—years after.

Our vessel never reached her destination. She was wrecked in the third month of our voyage, and all on board, except myself and another convict, were lost. We were picked

up by an American vessel; and, keeping our secret as to what we were, we were landed safely in New York. My companion went his way, and I entered the service of a store-keeper, and worked steadily for four years—four long years, in which the vision of my lost home was constantly before me. Any feeling of resentment that I may have felt at the suspicions of my wife, and at her seeming indifference to my fate, was now completely obliterated by the operation of time and distance, and the old love I gave to her as a girl came back in all its tenderness and force. She appeared to me as the guardian and protector of my dear fatherless child, whom I had left sleeping innocently in her little bed on the night when the door of my lost home closed upon me. My dreams by night, my one thought by day, grew in intensity, until I could resist the impulse no longer. Risking the chance of discovery, I procured a passage, and landed in London in the winter of the fifth year from that in which I had left England.

I took a lodging at a small public-house at Wapping, near the river; and I neglected no means to escape observation. I waited with a beating, anxious heart impatiently for night; and, when it came, I went forth well disguised, keeping along the line of docks and silent warehouses, until I reached the end of the lane in which the old mansion stood. I did not dare to make any inquiry to know if Esther and the child were still at the old home; but my knowledge of the character and prospects of my wife, told me that, if the firm had allowed her to stay, she would have accepted the offer, as her principles and determination would have sustained her under any feeling of disgrace. I walked slowly up the old, familiar lane, until I stood before the gateway. It was near eight o'clock, and the gate was closed, but it looked the same as it did when I first knew it as a boy; so did the quaint oak carving, and the silent court-yard seen through the small grating. There were no lights in the front, and I went cautiously round, up a side lane, and along a narrow passage that ran between the churchyard and the back of the house. At that moment the church clock struck eight, and the bells chimed the Evening Hymn, slowly and musically, as they had done, perhaps, for centuries; slowly and musically, as they had done

in the days gone by, while I sat at the window, with little Margaret in my arms nursing her to sleep. A flood of memories came across my heart. Forgetful of the object that had brought me there I leant against the railings and wept.

The chimes ceased, and the spell was broken. I was recalled to the momentous task that lay before me. I approached, with a trembling step, the window of what used to be our sitting-room on the ground-floor. I saw lights through the crevices of the closed shutters. Putting my ear closely against the wall I heard the hum of voices. Faint, confused and indistinct as the sound was, something—perhaps the associations of the place—made me feel that I was listening to my wife and child. I was startled by the sound of footsteps; and, turning my eyes in the direction of the entrance to the passage (it had but one entrance), I saw approaching, an old man, who had been in the service of the firm, as house-porter for fifty years. He was called blind Stephen; for, though not totally blind, his eyes had a stony, glazed appearance. He had lived so long in the house that he would have died if he had been removed; and, in consideration of his lengthened service, he was retained, by Mr. Askew's special commands. This was before I left, and I presumed from finding him there, that he was still at his old duty; coming round to see, or rather feel, that all was secure before retiring for the night. I shrank against the wall with the hope of avoiding discovery: not that I feared the consequences of being recognized by Stephen—for I had many claims upon his kindness and sympathy—but that I dreaded, although I longed, to hear what he might have to tell me. He came directly towards me as if by instinct; for I was perfectly, breathlessly, still; and paused immediately opposite to where I was partially hidden, under the shadow of the wall. He seemed to feel that some one was there, and his glazed eyes were directed full upon me, looking now more ghastly than ever, as they glistened in the light of the moon, which just then had passed from behind a cloud. Unable to restrain myself I uttered his name.

"Good God! Mr. Randall, is it you?" he exclaimed, with a start, recognizing my voice. "We thought you were drowned!"

"It is, Stephen," I replied, coming forward. "Tell me, for Mercy's sake, are Esther and the child well?"

"They are."

"Are they here?"

"In that room, Mr. Randall," pointing to the one at which I had been listening.

"Thank God!"

"They are much changed, Mr. Randall, since you —, since you went away," he continued in a sorrowful tone.

"Do they ever speak of me in your hearing, Stephen, when you are about the house?"

"Never, now, Mr. Randall."

There was something in the tone of Stephen's voice that weighed upon my heart. He always was a kind old fellow, with a degree of refinement above his class; but now, his voice was weak, and sad, and tremulous; more so than what he told me seemed to demand. I conjured him to tell me all. With considerable hesitation and emotion, he complied.

"None of us in the office thought you guilty of the forgery, sir, not one; and the principal clerks presented a note of sympathy and condolence to your good lady. Mr. Picard became, as he is now, more harsh and disagreeable than ever; and, at one time, we thought Mrs. Randall would leave the place; but Mr. Bobell, we fancy, persuaded her to stay. She was always, you know, sir, of a very serious turn, and she now went more frequently to chapel than ever. She took on a great deal, we fancy, at first; but she is a lady, sir, of great spirit and firmness, and she concealed her feelings very well, and held herself up as proudly as the best of them."

"And poor little Margaret, did she miss me much?"

"Indeed, sir, she did at first. Poor little dear, I often heard her crying after you in the morning; and, for many weeks, not even the fear of Mr. Picard could keep her from going down in the daytime to the gateway and standing there looking up and down the lane, until she was fetched gently back by me. God forgive me for the many falsehoods I told her, sir, about your coming back! But I could not bear to see her crying about the great lonely house. And she always asked after you in such a loving, innocent, sorrowful way."

Poor old Stephen's narrative was here stopped by tears; as for me, I sobbed like a child.

"Many of the gentlemen, sir, would gladly have taken her to their own homes; but your good lady would not part with her. I used often to go up to her little room at the top of the house and play with her as I had seen you do, sir, in the middle of the day. She was always very glad to see me; and sometimes she would take me to the window when the noonday chimes of our old church were playing, and, pointing up to the sky above the tower, would fancy she saw you there. By degrees her inquiries after you became less frequent; and when the intelligence of the wreck of your ship arrived, and your good lady put her into mourning, supposing you dead, she had ceased to ask about you."

"Has she grown much?"

"Very much, sir. She is a dear, sweet, gentle thing: we all respect your good lady, but we love little Margaret; and although I lost my sight entirely, four years ago, and am now stone blind, I know her height to a hair, for there is not a night that she does not kiss me before she goes to bed, and I have had to stoop less for the kiss every week all that time."

"Has young Mr. Picard ever been heard of?"

"O yes, sir. We believe he was found murdered in some low house in a remote part of the town; but Mr. Picard senior hushed the matter up, so that we never clearly knew the facts."

"I thought he would never have allowed me to suffer for him," I returned, "if he had been on this side of the grave."

"No, that he would not," replied Stephen.

I felt from Stephen's manner that there was yet some disclosure which his nerve was scarcely equal to make. Painful or not, I again conjured him to tell me all. After much entreaty I learned from him the dreadful truth that my wife had married again. It was many minutes before I recovered from the shock. My lost home stood before me, and I was an outcast wanderer on the wide earth.

"They have been married about a twelvemonth," continued Stephen, "and, although I can only feel what kind of a man he is, I don't think they are happy."

"Is he kind to the child?" I inquired, almost sternly.

"I don't think he is positively unkind; but he is very strict. He was a member of the chapel that your good lady used to go to, and he tries to mould little Margaret after his own heart. I fear they are not happy. Your good lady is less reserved before me as I am blind, and I feel sometimes that when she is reading she is thinking of you."

"Stephen," I replied, sadly and firmly, "I have only one more request to make of you before I leave the country again for ever. Keep my secret, and let me for one minute see Esther and the child."

"I will," returned Stephen, weeping bitterly, "that I will; and may Heaven sustain you in your trouble."

He threw the old wooden shutter back, which was not fastened on the inside, and exposed the long, deep, narrow recess, closed in at the end with red curtains glowing with the fire and light within.

"I will now go into the room," he said, "and deliver my keys; and, while there, I will contrive to hook back the curtain."

I thanked him with a silent pressure of the

hand, and he went. Just then the deep church bell struck nine, and every stroke sounded like a knell upon my beating heart. I watched—O how intensely I watched!—grasping the window-sill with my hands. At length the curtain was drawn back, and the vision of my lost home stood before me. They were engaged in evening prayer. My child—my dear lost child—now grown tall and graceful, was kneeling at a chair: her long golden hair falling in clusters over her slender, folded hands. Esther was also kneeling with her face towards me. It looked more aged and careworn than I expected to see it, but it was still the old pale, statue-like face that I had cherished in my dreams; and that had nestled on my shoulder in the days gone by.

He who now stood in my place as the guardian of my lost home was kneeling where I could not see his face; but I heard his voice faintly muttering the words of prayer. Did anyone in all that supplicating group think of the poor, wrecked, convict outcast? God alone knows. The curtain closed, and shut out my Lost Home from my dimmed sight for evermore.

**MOSS-SIDE.** By Marion Harland. (Routledge & Co.)—The authoress of "Alone" and the "Hidden Path" has in the present story made progress: the language is more simple—the sentiment more sober—and the description of the heroine's fascinations is less fantastic. All that excellent example and good advice can do towards making the tale eligible reading for young people has been done, and the book is as readable as small ill-conditioned type will allow; but there is a want of freshness and vigor. The present growth of American stories of the "improving" class are all varieties of the "Queechy" model. Lady Morgan was complaining bitterly one day of the general run of modern novels—that nobody seemed to have any sense of humor, and that all *fun* was dead! A sense of humor is one of the most cardinal virtues of the intellect. Where it exists not, all other graces will be dull and artificial—not spontaneous, and the best works will be like dusty suburban gardens, with a rookery built in the middle to stand for the sublime. The virtues that are brought trite and trim into small didactic tales—the *Vade-Mecums* of life and conversation, in the highest and sternest subjects that

are to be found, "made easy and reduced to practice" in this class of stories, of which "Moss-Side" is a favorable specimen are simply exasperating alike to readers and critics, who know the stuff of which life is made, and who prefer taking their portion of rue in its own bitterness, rather than in the sickly conserve with which modern tale-writers attempt to conceal its wholesome taste. We sigh for dear "Goody Two-shoes" and the history of "Miss Betsy Thoughtless," which even Baron Grimm found charming. There is one point, however, in modern stories which curiously marks a gradually increasing change of opinion:—the heroine, although in compliance with time honored custom she is married and made happy at last,—it is generally late in life and after she has steadily realized the prospect of giving up her lover and living unmarried;—it is a fact recognized, that a woman may be both happy and—interesting, to the most advanced period of single blessedness. This is a change in the ethics of romance which "gives to think," as the French have it, and is as important a discovery in its way, as the fascinations of the "*femme à trente ans*" was to Balzac.—*Athenæum*.

From Household Words.

## GEORGE LEVISON ; OR, THE SCHOOLFELLOWS.

THE noisy sparrows in our clematis  
Talk'd about rain ; a quiet summer dusk  
Shadowing the little lawn and garden-ground  
Which part us from the village street below.  
One pale pure star—one altar newly lit,  
Amidst the carbuncle and beryl burn'd  
Of twilight's vast cathedral ; but the clouds  
Were gravely gathering, and a fitful breeze  
Flurried the foliage that till now had droop'd  
A picture, steadfast on the fading sky,  
And wafted, showering from their golden boss,  
The petals of the white-rose overblown.

Out wall being low upon the inner side,  
A great white-rosebush stoops across, to note,  
Up to the churchyard-gate, down to the brook,  
And lifted fields beyond with grove and hedge,  
The doings of the village, all day long ;  
From when the laborers trudging to their toil  
With sickle, scythe, or spade, hear outpost cocks  
Whistle a quaint refrain from farm to farm,  
Until the hour of shadow and repose,  
When footsteps cease, and every taper's  
quench'd,

Children that pass to school, or home again,  
One with an arm about another's neck,  
Point to the fragrant treasure, clustering rich,  
And for a dropping rosebud pay a smile.

The sun was down ; the loyal garden-blooms  
Shut all their dreaming colors ; and a Flower  
Was closing like the rest, a Flower of Flowers.  
That herald star which look'd across the world  
Found nothing prettier than our little child  
Saying his evening prayer at mother's knee,  
The white skirt folding on the naked feet,  
Too tender for rough ways, his eyes at rest  
On his mother's face, a window into heaven.  
Kiss'd now, and settled in his cot, he's pleased  
With murmuring song, until the large lids  
droop

And do not rise, and slumber's regular breath  
Divides the soft round mouth. So Annie's boy  
And mine was put asleep. I heard her foot  
Stir overhead. There would be time to-night,  
Before the rain, to loiter half-an-hour  
As far as to the poplars down the road,  
And hear the corncrakes through the meadow  
vale,

And watch the childhood of the virgin moon  
Over a ruddy sunset's marge of cloud  
Sinking its crescent. Sweetheart of my life !  
Green be those downs and dells above the sea,  
Smooth-green for ever, by the plough unhurt,  
Nor overdrifted by their neighboring sands,  
Where first I saw you ! first since long ago,  
When we were children at an inland place  
And play'd together. I had often thought,  
I wonder should I know that pleasant chat ?  
Hardly, I doubt. I knew her the first glimpse ;  
E'en while the flexile curvature of hat  
Kept her face in shadow to the chin.  
And when a breeze to which the harebells  
danced

Lifted the sun a moment to her eyes,  
The ray of recognition flew to mine

Through all the dignity of womanhood.  
Like dear old friends we were, yet wondrous  
new ;

The others chatted, she and I not much ;  
Hearing her ribbon whirling in the wind  
(No doubting hopes nor whimsies born as yet)  
Was pure felicity, like his who sleeps  
Within a sense of some unknown good-fortune,  
True, or of dreamland, undetermined which ;  
My spirit buoyant as the gulls that swept  
That line of cliff above the summer surge,  
Smooth-wing'd and snowy in the blue of air.  
Since, what vicissitude ! We read the past  
Bound in a volume, catch the story up  
At any leaf we choose, and much forget  
How every blind to-morrow was evolved,  
How each oracular sentence shaped itself  
For after comprehension.

Even so,  
This twilight of last summer, it befell ;  
My wife and boy up-stairs, I leaning grave  
Against the window ; when through favorite  
paths,

My memory, as if sauntering in a wood,  
Took sober joy : an evening which itself  
Returns distinctly. Troops of dancing moths  
Brush'd the dry grass ; I heard, as if from far,  
The children playing in the village street,  
And saw the widow, our good neighbor, light  
Her candle, sealing up the mail. At six,  
Announced by cheerful octaves of a horn,  
A pair of winking wheels shake the white rose.  
And just at tea-time, with the day's work done—  
A link of the year's order, lest we lose  
In floating tangle every thread of life—  
Appears in happy hour the lottery-bag ;  
Which, with its punctual "Times," may bring  
us word

From Annie's house ; or some one by the  
Thames,

The smoky friendly Thames, who thinks of us ;  
Or sultry Ganges, or St. Lawrence chill,  
Or from the soil of kangaroos and gold,  
Magnetic metal ! Thus to the four winds  
One's ancient comrades scatter through the  
world.

Where's Georgy now, I thought, our dread, our  
pride,

George Levison, the sultan of the school ?  
With Greek and Latin at those fingers' ends  
That sway'd the winning oar and bat ; a prince  
In pocket-money and accoutrement ;  
A Cribb in fist, a Cicero in tongue ;  
Already victor, when his eye should deign  
To fix on any summit of success.

For, in his haughty careless way, he'd hint—  
"I've got to push my fortune, by-and-by."  
How we all worshipp'd Georgy Levison !  
But when I went to college he was gone,  
They said to travel, and he took away  
Mentor conjoin'd with Grichton from my  
hopes,—

No trifling blank. George had done little there,  
But could—what could he not ? . . . And now,  
perhaps,

Some city, in the strangers' burial-ground,  
Some desert sand, or hollow under sea,  
Hides him without an epitaph. So men

Slip under, fit to shape the world anew;  
And leave their trace—in schoolboy memories.

Then I went thinking how much changed I am  
Since those old school-times, not so far away,  
Yet now like pre-existence. Can that house,  
Those fields and trees, be extant anywhere?  
Have not all vanish'd, place, and time, and  
men?

Or with a journey could I find them all,  
And myself with them, as I used to be?  
Sore was my battle after quitting these.  
No one thing fell as plann'd for; sorrows came  
And sat beside me; years of toil went round;  
And victory's self was pale and garlandless.  
Fog rested on my heart; till softly blew  
The wind that clear'd it. 'Twas a simple turn  
Of life,—a miracle of heavenly love,  
For which, thank God!

When Annie call'd me up,  
We both bent silent, looking at our boy;  
Kiss'd unaware (as angels, may be, kiss  
Good mortals) on the smoothly rounded cheek,  
Turn'd from the window,—where a fringe of  
leaves,

With outlines melting in the darkening blue,  
Waver'd and peep'd and whisper'd. Would she  
walk

Not yet a little were those clouds to stoop  
With freshness to the garden and the field.  
I waited by our open door; while bats  
Flew silently, and musk geranium-leaves  
Were fragrant in the twilight that had quench'd  
Or tamed the dazzling scarlet of their blooms.  
Peace, as of heaven itself, possess'd my heart.  
A footstep, not the light step of my wife,  
Disturb'd it; and, with slacker pace, a man  
Came up beside the porch. Accosting whom,  
And answering to my name: "I fear," he said,  
"You'll hardly recollect me; though indeed  
We were at school together on a time.  
Do you forget old Georgy Levison?"

He in the red arm-chair; I not far off,  
Excited, laughing, waiting for his face:  
The first flash of the candles told me all:  
Or, if not all, enough, and more. Those eyes,  
When they look'd up at last, were his indeed,  
Though mesh'd in ugly threads as with a snare;  
And, while his mouth preserved the imperious  
curve,

Evasion, vacillation, discontent,  
Droop'd on the handsome features like a fog.  
His hair hung prematurely grey and thin;  
From thread-bare sleeves the wither'd tremulous  
hands

Protruded. Why paint every touch of blight?

Tea came. He hurried into ceaseless chat;  
Glanced at the ways of many foreign towns;  
Knew all those great men, landmarks of the  
time,

And set their worths punctiliously; brought  
back

Our careless years; paid Annie compliments  
To spare; admired the pattern of the cups;  
Lauded the cream,—our dairy's, was it not?  
A country life was pleasant, certainly,  
If one could be content to settle down;  
And yet the city had advantages.

DCCXIV. LIVING AGE. VOL. XX. 19

He trusted, shortly, underneath his roof  
To practise hospitality in turn.  
But first to catch the roof, eh? Ha, ha, ha!  
That was a business topic he'd discuss  
With his old friend by-and-by—

For me, I long'd  
To hide my face and groan; yet look'd at him;  
Opposing pain to grief, presence to thought.

Later, when wine came in, and we two sat  
The dreary hours together, how he talk'd!  
His schemes of life, his schemes of work and  
wealth,

Intentions and inventions, plots and plans,  
Travels and triumphs, failures, golden hopes.  
He was a young man still—had just begun  
To see his way. I knew what he could do  
If once he tried in earnest. He'd return  
To Law, next term but one; meanwhile com-  
plete

His great work, "The Philosophy of Life,  
Or, Man's Relation to the Universe,"  
The matter lying ready to his hand.  
Forty subscribers more, two guineas each,  
Would make it safe to publish. All this time  
He fill'd his glass and emptied, and his tongue  
Went thick and stammering. When the wine  
came in

I saw the glistening eye; an eager hand  
Made the decanter chatter on the glass  
Like ague. He grew maudlin drunk at last;  
Shed tears, and moan'd he was a ruin'd man,  
Body and soul; then cursed his enemies  
By name and promised punishment; made  
vaunt

Of genius, learning; caught my hand again,—  
Did I forget my friend—my dear old friend?  
Had I a coat to spare? He had no coat  
But this one on his back; not one shirt—see!  
'Twas all a nightmare; all plain wretched truth.  
And how to play physician? Where's the  
strength

Repairs a slow self-ruin from without?  
The fall'n must climb innumerable steps,  
With humbleness, and diligence, and pain.  
How help him to the first of all that steep?

Midnight was past. I had proposed to find  
A lodging near us; for, to say the truth,  
I could not bid my wife, for such a guest,  
In such a plight, prepare the little room  
Call'd "Emma's," since my sister first was here.  
Then with a sudden mustering up of wits,  
And e'en a touch of his old self, that quick  
Melted my heart anew, he signified  
His bed was waiting, he would say good-night,  
And begg'd me not to stir, he knew his road.  
But arm in arm I brought him up the street,  
Among the rainpools, and the pattering drops  
Drumming upon our canopy; where few  
Or none were out of doors; and once or twice  
Some casement from an upper story shed  
Penurious lamplight.

Tediously we kept  
The morning meal in vain expectancy.  
Our box of clothes came back; the people said  
He paid without a word, and went his way,—  
They knew not whither. He return'd no more.  
He now is dead.

Months changed about, or ere  
The sudden frost of that unhappy guest  
Rose from our life,—which, like our village,  
keeps

The tranquil centre of a cultured vale,  
Guarded with hills, but open to the sun,  
And every star successive, east or west,  
That glorifies the circle of the year.  
A grave, secluded life, but kindly fill'd  
With natural influences; neither void  
Of strength and gladness from profounder  
springs.

And since, at many a meditative hour  
By day or night, or with memorial flash,  
I see the ghost of Georgy Levison;  
A shifting phantom,—now with boyhood's face  
And merry curls; now haggard and forlorn,  
As when the candles came into the room.

One sells his soul; another squanders it;  
The first buys up the world, the second starves.  
Poor George was loser palpably enough,—  
Supernal Wisdom only knows how much.

#### MY SEWING MACHINE.

DEAR Cousin Jane:—Such a change has passed  
O'er my earthly lot since I saw you last,  
That I cannot rest till my pen extends  
The joyful tidings to all my friends.

My burden is gone, and my sky is bright,  
My mind is calm, and my heart is light;  
I'm a happier mother, and wife, and self,  
And I owe it all to a little elf,  
The usefulest fairy that ever was seen,—  
My Wheeler and Wilson's Sewing Machine.

As I said just now, I'm a happier wife,  
My husband's shirts were the plague of my life;  
They were sometimes made, but were never  
done,

Bless me! the trouble was only begun!  
It was always, "My dear, this shirt is not  
right,"

The neck was too loose, or the wrist was too  
tight;

They always were needing a button or stitch,  
Were too large or too small, I could never tell  
which.

If I made twelve as like as twelve leaves on one  
tree,

Though the first might be right, yet no other  
would be.

When I think of a shirt from beginning to  
ending,

Of the fitting and stitching, and starching and  
mending,

Of the shirt that don't fit the disconsolate man,  
Of the shirt that *does* fit him, so spick and so  
span,

So stiff and ungraceful, and yet the sole gain  
From so much of labor, of time and of pain,  
I almost am tempted my thought to express,  
Men had better keep still on the matter of dress.  
Could I make but one speech like a Webster's  
or Wirt's,

I think it would be on the subject of shirts.  
But to come to the point, I had almost forgot,  
I would now quite as lief have a husband as  
not.

He timidly, last week, brought me a pile  
Of shirts to be made, which I took with a smile,  
The first of the kind which he ever had seen,—  
I thought he would kiss my Sewing Machine.

I have six young children—dear little ones,  
Three little daughters, and three little sons,—  
Six little children, all to be dressed

In school day clothes and in Sunday best;  
Six pairs of pants and nine pairs of shirts,  
Two dozen collars, and two dozen skirts;  
Six little jackets, and twelve little sacks,  
Outside garments for six little backs;  
'Kerchiefs to hem, and garments to mend,  
And many another stray odd and end;  
This was the work to be done this fall,  
But then, dear me! it was nothing at all!  
I gave it all, with a brow serene,  
To my all-sufficient Sewing Machine.

And as for myself,—what with children and  
spouse,

What with visitors, servants, and market and  
house,

It was nothing more than might well be ex-  
pected,

That my own private wardrobe was somewhat  
neglected.

I sewed up holes, and I ran up slits,  
I put on patches, and I put in bits,  
I went without button, and hook, and clasp,  
I wore old things till their very last gasp;  
But now I'm thoroughly fit to be seen—  
Thanks to my good little Sewing Machine.

It would do you good to open the door  
Of my linen closet, and see the store  
For bed and table, of piles and tiers,  
Enough to last us for twenty years.  
So far as such things are concerned, I can say  
I am perfectly ready to die today;  
Though it *would* seem a pity to quit the scene  
So soon after buying a Sewing Machine.

You'll think me extravagant, I'll engage,  
But, my dear, 'tis the subject of the age!  
The world is divided 'twixt those who have got  
Sewing Machines, and those who have not.

Poor, benighted beings are they  
Who sit and sew the old-fashioned way.  
Now, Cousin Jane, don't you want to see  
What these wonderful things may be?  
Come,—and your duties you need not shirk,—  
But come with an extra trunk full of work.  
You will never go back to your home, I ween,  
Without taking with you a Sewing Machine.

—Springfield Republican.

#### ENIGMA.

To five, and five, and fifty-five,  
The first of letters add—  
It is a thing has pleased a king,  
And made a wise man mad.

From The Saturday Review, 12 Dec.

# CRUELTY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

WE should like to have it explained why a seafaring life has a strange tendency to develop certain inhuman forms of cruelty. The fact appears to be indisputable. On Monday, the readers of the daily newspapers were horrified by a case of brutal cruelty practised by the master of a Liverpool trader on a Spanish or Portuguese seaman; and the same journals gave the first intimation of a similar case investigated at the Thames Police Office on the previous Thursday. Early in the last month, a British sailor handed in a statement at that office, detailing the frightful outrages to which he had been subjected in the American merchant service. At Liverpool, scarcely a week, and never an assize, passes without proofs of similar brutality; nor have we forgotten the case of that eminent villain, "Captain Henry Rogers," who in September received the honors of canonization and the halter in that town. To such a pitch has the crime of savage assault on the high seas risen—particularly in the American trade—that a formal investigation into the whole matter was recently proposed, though we do not know whether it has been carried out. The matter is certainly of sufficient importance to call for inquiry. The number of vessels afloat in the British merchant service is stated at more than 34,000, and the number of seamen employed is reckoned at 243,000. In other words, here are nearly a quarter of a million of persons who are practically deprived of the ordinary safeguards of social order. Their appeal for protection is surely no light one.

We do not mean to say that there are no laws in force to restrain a brutal captain; nor are we arguing that there should not be special and extraordinary powers given to masters of vessels for enforcing discipline and obedience on the high seas. From the nature of the case, something of the despot must attach to the solitary responsibility of a captain during a voyage; and this is felt to be a necessity quite as much by the crew as by the master. Common sense points out that the advantages of giving large authority to captains on the whole outweigh the abuses to which it may lead. Both as regards life and property, mutiny is justly looked upon as the greatest of maritime dangers; and

the only substantial safe-guard in a merchant ship, whose cargo may be worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, is to invest the master with extensive discretionary powers for compelling obedience. But certainly our perils are not at present in this direction. The case against which we so carefully provide is now almost a matter of nautical tradition, and that the necessity of yielding unwavering obedience has entirely possessed the sailor's mind, goes some way to account for the extraordinary apathy, often amounting to complicity, with which the most brutal treatment of a common sailor, on the part of the master, is often viewed by the crew. There must, however, be moral as well as conventional reasons for this strange phenomenon; and an inquiry into them may help us to understand something of the causes which explain these cases of savage cruelty, and why it is that the spectators so frequently seem to take them as a matter of course with which they have no right to interfere.

In the Queen's service there is such a thing as public opinion, as well as strict laws which regulate the discipline, and especially the punishments, enforced on board ship. In the Merchant service the restraints of opinion are unknown. A single voyage usually limits the master's connection with every man on board. The character of every captain in the navy is, or easily may be, familiar to every blue-jacket afloat; and a brutal captain can no more man his ship than he can make himself an admiral. Not only is he socially a gentleman, but it is his interest not to be known as a savage. This is not the case in the mercantile marine. Moreover, to say nothing of the low state of intelligence and education which characterizes the masters of ordinary merchant vessels, there is something in their position which has a tendency to brutalize the disposition. If the sense of unlimited responsibility at sea is a heavy burthen to a conscientious man, it is a frightful temptation to an unprincipled one. The master of a merchantman feels his isolation; and, forgetting that power can be best won by confidence and justice, he is too apt to think that obedience is only to be secured by force and fear. He very soon possesses himself of the ruling idea that curses and blows are the only language that the fore-castle can understand. And, once

let a man begin a course of cruelty, he is fatally apt to be carried away by it. What puzzles people in these accounts of brutal assaults at sea is their lingering, systematic character. The details of one case are substantially those of the whole class. A victim is selected—or, perhaps, at first a mere accident makes him such. But, once a victim, he is marked out from the herd, and on one devoted head are accumulated the aggravated ingenuities of malice. Day after day he is tortured. Nothing seems to check his unrelenting persecutor. The sight of suffering only whets the unnatural craving to inflict it. No wounds, no sickness, no appeals—not even the miserable spectacle of the poor wretch mutilated, or with his spine dislocated, fainting, bleeding, reeling and staggering from exhaustion, pain, or starvation—can move the heart of the tormentor. The agonies of death suggest only aggravations of brutality. The master always proclaims that he is going to be the death of his victim; and he is the death of him, and always in the same sort of way. He gives his imagination full play in inventing tortures, and spends his leisure in executing them. He gloats over a new variety of pain in his cabin, and then rushes on deck to try it. Every day he seems to brood over fresh schemes of devilish malice. This is a characteristic of cruelty. Not only is it essentially inhuman, but it is systematic, and feeds on itself. The thing looks exactly like a realization of the old doctrine of possession. It is as though something entered into the man, and, with superhuman refinement, suggested and exhausted all the possible varieties and aggravations of torture. It has always been so. The sufferings of the early martyrs—the ingenious multiplicity of agonies attributed to Inquisitors—the unutterable miseries lately inflicted on the Indian victims—all bear witness to this characteristic of cruelty. It seems as though it carried with it something akin to physical enjoyment. And this is its mystery. To a slight extent, many persons totally incapable of deliberate cruelty must have experienced it themselves. If we carefully analyse our feelings even in boxing a boy's ears, there is something tempting, not in the theory, but in the practice of the thing. One goes on always a step farther than one thought possible; and something like a sense of satisfaction in in-

flicting pain, is very apt to supersede the high moral duty of punishment. Hence it is that punishment so soon slides into vindictiveness.

Nor is this all. Not only does cruelty act in this way on the moral nature of its perpetrator, impelling him, as it were by some irresistible impulse, to fathom all the depths and exhaust all the conceivable and inconceivable varieties of torture—it has somewhat of the same effect on the bystanders. We have alluded to the apathy or complicity of the crew in presence of such horrors as those of which we have spoken. In Rogers' case, the mates were proved to be all but as bad as the actual murderer; and in the last Liverpool case—in which it is, to ourselves at least, unintelligible why Christie was not committed for murder—the mate is represented as having been not only not an unwilling spectator, but almost a willing accomplice. Is it that there is a certain horrid fascination in the mere sight of cruelty which has a kind of mysterious attraction—as if the will of the torturer, as in mesmerism, first paralysed, and then absorbed and mastered the sympathies of bystanders? We have heard testimony to this psychological fact from the most humane persons, who have had the courage to analyse their own feelings in the actual presence of some revolting and cruel spectacle. It is said that in the case of a bull-fight, though the first disembowelled horse is viewed with feelings of unutterable loathing, and the second presents a nasty sight, yet the third and fourth are regarded with lessening indignation, till, as the thing goes on, indifference grows on the spectator, and at last negative acquiescence ripens into something like hearty sympathy with the ugly sport. It is known to be the same in prize-fights; and perhaps everybody's school-boy recollections will present him with analogous instances of this morbid sympathy with the details of cruelty. Now, if this is the case even with refined minds, it must be much more so with the coarser moral fibres of such persons as the crews of common merchantmen. Cruelty, for cruelty's sake, was a mark of the middle ages; and we need go back no further than the Reign of Terror to understand how it is that a public exhibition of human suffering may attract, by a moral contagion, bystanders incapable of cruelty, still more of originating exquisite

tortures. The same sort of thing obtains in kindred vices—for example, in cursing and swearing, and in certain brutal assaults on women. In swearing, a man goes on from oath to oath, and tries to exhaust the ingenious variety of foul language—one blasphemy being pleasant in proportion as it suggests the possibility of going beyond it; and were it not for some mimetic attractiveness inherent in the sight of brutality, we could hardly account for the successive violation of a single woman by a crowd of men—instances of which we are unhappily not forced to seek in India alone.

The crime of murderous outrage on the high seas has attained such an appalling height, that, as a social grievance, it urgently demands attention. It is clearly on the increase; and the question whether, as it seems, it has not been derived mainly from American influences, is a very subordinate one. We care not how it grew up—our

business is to check it. Apparently, the present state of the law is not sufficient. The log-book is not an adequate protection to the common sailor; the man who will act as Rogers did, and as Christie is said to have done, is capable of falsifying a log-book. The mate, from the nature of the case, is as we have said, often an accomplice; and we fear that, in the owner's eyes, an interference on his part would not always be welcomed. As to the crew, the murdered man's messmates cannot spare time, and often have neither the courage nor the intelligence, to volunteer a testimony of what happened six months ago down on the Spanish main, and so to lose a voyage. Something perhaps might be done by compelling owners, much lower down in the merchant service than is at present the rule, to ship surgeons on board all vessels of a certain tonnage, and for certain voyages. At any rate the matter is one in which the Legislature is bound to interfere, if only in the way of inquiry.

**LIFE IN ISRAEL; OR, PORTRAITS OF HEBREW CHARACTER.** By Maria T. Richards. (New York, Sheldon & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.)—To portray Jewish life without writing a Scripture history is a plan, not novel indeed, but promising. If well executed, the habits, the religious observances, and the opinions current in Israel at a certain period may be sketched in a manner equally popular and satisfactory. Notices scattered throughout the Bible may be collated, and the information given by contemporary or later historians brought to bear on the elucidation of such a period. Suppose all this correctly done, and some interesting fiction taken as the groundwork, and we do not despair of finding books on Jewish antiquities as attractive as they may be useful. An example of what may be done in this respect is the well-known work, "Helen's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem," a book as interesting as, with few exceptions, it is accurate and instructive. In the volume before us, Mrs. Richards follows up, or rather prefates, her former "Life in Judea," by sketches of Hebrew character during the wanderings through the wilderness, in the reign of King Solomon, and during the Babylonish captivity. The task has, upon the whole, been well executed. Though the information of our authoress has manifestly been gathered at second hand, it is generally accurate, if not always full: the interest attaching to the stories is well sustained; and the reader has a sufficiently vivid portraiture of Jewish life under each of the above periods. However, it has struck us, that sometimes the persons introduced think and act like natives of the West rather than as

genuine Orientals, and that the state of society and of public religious opinion,—not to speak of the occasional high-flown expressions used,—are rather such as we would expect among our Transatlantic cousins than at the period and in the countries to which these tales refer. The second of the sketches ("Life in Israel under the Reign of King Solomon") is decidedly the most lively and the most accurate, although it occasionally recalls scenes and incidents from "Helen." But our authoress deserves encouragement and praise, and her volume promises to be a useful addition to our popular religious literature.—*Athenæum*.

If there can be a greater bore in life than a man with a grievance, it is a woman with wrongs. It is not selfishness that makes society hard-hearted to both classes; it is the instinct of common sense, which dictates that when people cannot right themselves, nor yet set in motion the machinery which might help them, it is more dignified and becoming of rational beings to keep silence, and not let their life dissolve into a spoonful of warm water. Complaints, well or ill founded, soon exhaust "the milder grief of pity." In fact, there is no virtue that so soon evaporates as sympathy; people grow tired of being sorry for what they cannot help, and, becoming angry at a grievance that will not be driven away, they soothe their own feelings by declaring that it is the "people's own fault." Life is a battle, and those who cannot fight for themselves, meet with no quarter.—*Athenæum*.

## THE LAST OF THE RANDOLPHS.

ST. GEORGE RANDOLPH died at the Court House of Charlotte county, on 4th Dec. A peculiar and melancholy interest attaches to the clouded fortunes of this remarkable man. He was the eldest son of Richard Randolph, of Bizarre, where he was born about 65 years ago, and nephew of the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, who regarded him always with an affection as sincere as it was in his wayward nature to feel towards any human being. St. George had peculiar claims upon the tenderness of his family, for he came into the world without the faculty of hearing and speech, and could only manifest the quickness of his intellect in that untaught but expressive pantomime which is instinctively acquired by the deaf-mute. Losing his father at an early age, he was most assiduously watched and gently nurtured by the nearest relations.—With the view of facilitating his intercourse with society, of giving exercise to the powers of his mind, and of impressing moral truth upon his heart, they sent him to France, for such education as could not be given him at that time in the United States. Under the care of the Abbe Seguin—one of the earliest instructors of the deaf and dumb, and, if we mistake not, the inventor of their alphabet—St. George Randolph made rapid progress in all the branches of polite learning, and acquired a familiarity with the grammar, and written idiom of several languages, he, who could not utter an articulated sound. Upon his return to America, he resided at the family residence, until a dreadful calamity fell upon him and the whole household. At the very moment that his younger brother, Theodorick Tudor Randolph, a youth of rare promise, who had been prosecuting his studies at Harvard University, was pronounced hopelessly consumptive, St. George Randolph went mad. We have seen some letters of John Randolph, of Roanoke, written about this time, in which the most pathetic expression is given to the sorrow which overwhelmed him and the family at Bizarre, at these severe dispensations. "Within three short months," he writes to a friend in South Carolina, "my elder nephew has been visited by the heaviest calamity that flesh is heir

to—the sorest and sharpest ill with which providence has ever yet suffered his creatures to be afflicted—and his brother, the last remaining stay of our family, has fallen into, I fear, a fatal decline!" This fear was only too certainly justified by the result. Tudor did not live to see Virginia again, having died, soon after the date of the letter from which we have quoted, at Morrisania, in New York. This dark year for the Randolphs was 1814. From that period down to last Friday, December the 4th, 1857, St. George Randolph never knew a lucid interval.

Yet there was a certain nobility in the appearance of the old man, as we have seen him wandering about the fields around Charlotte C. H., with his leonine beard falling in white masses over his bosom, and his fine, restless eye imparting animation to a countenance of singular and striking interest even in its gloom. No stranger could see him and fail to observe the evidences of refined and gentle culture, which he exhibited after so many years of wandering reason, of blighted sympathies, of joyless seclusion from the world in that long night of insensibility to sounds and ideas, which Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, permitted to enshroud him. All that the most affectionate solicitude, and the most considerate kindness could do to render comfortable the poor, darkened, bereft and crazy being to whom earthly happiness was impossible, was performed, by those in whose charge he has of late years been placed. Wyatt Cardwell, Esq., of Charlotte C. H. who was his immediate guardian and protector, bestowed upon him a paternal care, which, in his poor way the lunatic requited with a clearly distinguishable gratitude.

St. George was the last of his line in the family of the Randolphs. By his death, a great lineage becomes extinct, and a large patrimony is divided. The occasion is a favorable one for us to preach the old moral of the vanity of earthly hopes, and the emptiness of human ambitions. But we have no intention of moralizing over the event, which we have above recorded, and the *Sic transit gloria* which will occur to every intelligent reader, is too obvious a sentiment to be enforced by any rhetorical flourishes of our pen. —*Petersburgh Va: Express.*

Part of an article in *Household Words*.

## ENGLISH CHILD IN AFGHANISTAN.

DURING the drive, the Lieutenant entertained me by relating a number of stories connected with the war in Afghanistan. Several of them interested me exceedingly; one in particular. It was this; which I now give in the Lieutenant's own words as nearly as I can recollect them.

"About a year ago," said he, "I was passing through Meerut, on my way from the Hills, whither I had been on sick certificate, and was putting up for a few days with my friend Richards of the Light Cavalry—a man whom I had known during that disastrous campaign to which this narrative has reference. One morning, after breakfast, there came to the bungalow of my friend, an Afghan, who was a dealer in dried fruits—such as grapes, apples, and pomegranates,—and inquired if the Sahib or Mem-sahib was in want of any of these commodities, which he had just brought from Caubul. My friend's wife, who had also been in Afghanistan, and spoke the mongrel Persian current in that country, replied in the affirmative, and the Afghan was admitted to the verandah, to exhibit his specimens and declare his prices. To talk to these dealers is rather amusing at times, especially when you know their habits, and customs, and peculiarities, as well as their language. To people who have been in their country, it is like meeting with an old friend, and one lingers as long as possible over the business, of the bargain and sale. And so it was on this morning. We had him for at least an hour in the verandah, before my friend's wife would decide upon what she would take. This matter concluded, the Afghan inquired if the lady would buy a kitten—a Persian kitten; kittens being also a commodity with these travelling Afghans.

"Yes; where are the kittens?" said the lady.

"Here," said the merchant, putting his hand into a huge pocket at the back of his chogah (a sort of gaberline), and withdrawing, one by one, no less than sixteen of these little animals (all males). For more than the hour which was consumed in negotiating about the fruit, and talking on other subjects, this living bustle had remained perfectly motionless, and had not uttered a single sound; but now, when they saw the

light, and were placed upon all fours, they ran about and mewed—bushy tails on end—after the most vigorous fashion imaginable. There they were! Kittens as black as the blackest ink, kittens white as the whitest snow, kittens as yellow as the yellowest gold, and kittens piebald, brindled, and grey.

"There they are, Mem-sahib. Take your choice. Twenty rupees (two pounds) each."

"The lady selected one of the white and one of the black kittens, and for the two he was induced to accept thirty-five rupees (three pound ten shillings). This may seem a large sum of money to give for a brace of young cats; but it must be remembered that they came from Bokara, and were of the purest breed that could possibly be procured.

"The Afghan dealer took his leave, and promised to send the fruits in the course of the day. He fulfilled his promise; at tiffin-time there came a boy of about eleven years of age, bearing the basket containing them upon his head, which was shawled after the fashion of the Afghan people. The boy was admitted to the room. No sooner was he shown in, than his exceedingly beautiful countenance, and its peculiar expression, riveted the attention of all of us, and we put to him a variety of questions which he answered with great intelligence, and in a tone of voice so soft and silvery that even the guttural sounds he uttered, came like music on the ear.

"Look into that boy's face," said the lady to her husband and myself; "observe his every feature and his teeth,—regard especially his smile,—yes, and even the shape of his fingers, and then tell me of whom he is the very image."

"I know," said my friend.

"So do I," exclaimed your humble servant.

"Stay!" said the lady energetically. "Do not speak; but let each of us write the name on a slip of paper, and see if we agree;" and tearing up an envelope and taking a tiny pencil-case from her watch-chain, she wrote a name upon one slip, and then handed to me and to her husband, respectively, a slip and the pencil-case. When we had each written a name, we compared them,—and they did not agree exactly. My friend and his wife had written, Captain Percy—. I had written, Mrs. Percy—. That the boy was the offspring of that unfortunate couple (cousins,) who perished in that campaign,

and of whose young child no one ever knew what had become, we were all quite satisfied; and our reflections became extremely melancholy.

"We questioned the boy as to his parentage, his relation to the Affghan dealer in cats and fruit, and on a variety of other matters. His replies were simply to the effect that he was an orphan and a slave; that he knew not the place of his birth, but believed it was Affghanistan; that he was a Mahomedan, and that his earliest recollections were associated with Caubul.

"Whilst we were thus interrogating the boy, the major of my friend's regiment, accompanied by his wife, drove up to the door. They had come to pay a visit. When asked to look at the boy, and to say whom he bore a resemblance, they at once declared, 'Poor Percy——!' Several officers of the regiment were sent for. They came, and immediately, on seeing the boy, expressed an opinion that he was the child of the unfortunate officer whose name has been partially recorded. The poor boy, meanwhile, exhibited some anxiety to return to his master. But he was detained and further questioned as to the manner in which he was treated. He confessed that his master was rather severe, but withal a very good man.

"It was resolved to summon the Affghan dealer, and make him render an account of the boy, and of how he became possessed of him. For this purpose a messenger was dispatched, and enjoined to make haste.

"The Affghan dealer came, and was cautioned that he must speak the truth; whereupon—as is the custom in India from one end to the other—he declared that he never spoke falsely, and that he would rather have his tongue torn out. This little preliminary over, the examination (which was conducted by the Major of the regiment, a very shrewd and clever man, and who, by the way, was distantly related to the unfortunate couple to whom the boy bore such a strong resemblance) commenced:

"Who is this boy?"

"He belongs to me."

"Your son?"

"No."

"Any relation of yours?"

"No."

"Your slave?"

"Yes."

"You bought him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Caubul."

"When?"

"Four years ago."

"From whom did you buy him?"

"A merchant."

"His name?"

"Usuf Ooddeen."

"What did you give for him?"

"Three camels."

"Of what value?"

"Thirty rupees [£3] each."

"The boy was cheap, then."

"No."

"How so?"

"He was young and sickly."

"Did Usuf say where he got him from?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me."

"From a woman."

"What woman?"

"A native of Hindoostan."

"An ayah?"

"Yes."

"Was she his mother?"

"No."

"Is she living?"

"No."

"When did she die?"

"Eight years ago."

"Where?"

"In Caubul."

"Now, tell us all you know about this boy."

"I have answered all the Sahib's questions; will the Sahib now answer a few of mine?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe this boy to be of European birth?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you know who were his parents?"

"Yes."

"Were they people of a distinguished family?"

"Yes." (This question was answered rather proudly.)

"Of pure blood?"

"Yes."

"But is the Sahib certain that this boy is the child of certain parents?"

"Yes."

"Then will the Sahib take him?"

"Yes."

"Here the poor boy placed his hands together, and supplicated the major to let him remain where he then was, in the service of the Affghan dealer. Heedless of his interruption, which was soon silenced, the examination—or rather, the conversation, as it now became—was continued:

"What will you give for him?"

"What do you ask?"

"You must speak, Sahib."

"One hundred rupees."

"He cost me nearly that when he was very young and sickly."

"Well, two hundred rupees."

"No, Sahib. Half a lac of rupees would not purchase him."

"But, my good man, slavery is not permitted in the British dominions, and we will detain the boy."

"Against his will?"

"Yes."

"On suspicion that he is born of European parents of distinction?"

"Yes."

"Then I will give the boy his liberty: and if he then wishes to follow me, and you detain him, he is your prisoner instead of my slave."

"Here the boy again entreated the major to spare him."

"Never mind that."

"But suppose that I should prove to you that he is the child of a sergeant of the Queen's Thirteenth regiment of Foot, and of his wife? What then? Would you take the boy?"

"Yes."

"You would?"

"Yes."

"Then you shall have the boy. Many of your questions I answered falsely, on purpose. The true history of the child I will recount to you, and produce such proofs as I have in my possession. I vowed to God and to the Prophet that I would never sell the child, and I have kept my word. It will be a bitter grief to me to part with him; but for his own sake, I will endure it."

"Usuf Ooddeen was my elder brother. He kept a shop in the bazaar at Caubul. This child was brought to him by a woman of Hindostan, who not only deposited with him the child, but a sum of money in gold

mohurs and rupees; likewise a quantity of English jewelry, and her own gold and silver bangles. She represented to my brother that the child's parents had been killed, and that she was afraid every European in Affghanistan would share their fate. My brother knew the woman, that is to say, she had been a customer at his shop, and had purchased from him sundry articles of warm clothing for her employers and herself. After leaving the child, and the money, and the jewelry, in all to the value of about four thousand rupees, she went her way, and never returned. It is most likely that she died suddenly of cold, like very many of the native servants of Hindostan, both male and female. The frost settled about their hearts, and they slept their lives away; or, if they escaped death, they lost their toes, fingers, ears, or noses."

"When the British army was victorious, and affairs were in a somewhat settled state, my brother was most anxious to deliver up the child, the money, and the jewels, to the British authorities: but a number of his friends dissuaded him from so doing, on the ground that the bare possession of the child would place my brother's life in jeopardy, by inducing the conclusion that he was the affrighted accomplice of murderers, assassins, and thieves. I confess that I was one who entertained this opinion, and I shook my head whenever my brother repeated his desire. Four or five years ago, my brother died, and I, a wandering dealer, became the guardian of this boy (for whom I have a great affection), and the holder of his money for which I care not, and which I have no desire to retain. He has travelled thousands and thousands of miles with me. He has been to Bokara, to Cashmere, all over the Punjab, to Mooltan, Scinde, all through the north-west provinces down to Calcutta, to Simlah, Mussooree,—wherever the English have settled themselves in India; and I have done all in my power to expose him, in a quiet way, to the gaze of ladies and gentlemen, in the hope that some day he would be recognized and restored to his proper position in life. Never, until now has any one been struck with his countenance, beyond casually remarking to me that he was a very pretty boy; certainly, no one ever seemed to have the slightest idea that he was born of European parents, and is a Christian; for he

is not a Mussulman. Though he thinks he is a Mussulman, and says his prayers, and is very constant to all the observances of the Mussulman faith. Gentlemen, I am a wandering dealer from Afghanistan, but I am not destitute of good feeling and integrity, little as you may credit my assertions in this respect. Give me a proof that you know who were the boy's parents, and I am willing to restore him, and all that rightfully belongs to him, to your custody.'

"But are you not satisfied with my word? Never mind the money and the jewels—much as I should like to see the latter—all I require is the boy," said the Major.

"Of course, the Sahib would not speak an untruth knowingly," returned the Affghan. 'But I require some proof that the boy is the child of certain European parents.'

"Well, there is the likeness, the unmistakable likeness, that he bears to his father and his mother.'

"That will not do," said the Affghan interrupting the Major. 'Can you write in the Persian character, Sahib?'

"Yes.'

"Then, write the name of this boy's father in the Persian character and let me see it.'

"The Major did this, and handed it to the Affghan, who looked at the writing, smiled, and said:

"What else? What was the Sahib's nishan (crest)?'

"This," said the Major, holding out the little finger of his right hand, upon which was a signet-ring. 'This was his nishan. We are of the same family, and the nishan is the same.'

"The Affghan, having examined the crest, again smiled and said:

"What else?'

"What more do you want?" said the Major.

"Do not be impatient, Sahib," said the Affghan. 'The identification of a child, who may be an heir to property, is not so light a matter as the purchase of a kitten. Did you know the child's mother?'

"Yes," said the Major. 'She was also a relation of mine.'

"What kind of person was she? Was she handsome?'

"Very.'

"The color of her eyes?'

"Dark—almost black.'

"And her hair?'

"Brown; the color of this lady's' (pointing to the wife of my friend.)

"If you see her likeness, in miniature, do you think you could recognize it?'

"If it were a faithful likeness, I could.'

"The Affghan put his hand into the breast pocket of his chogah, and produced a greasy leathern bag, into the mouth of which he inserted his finger and thumb, and presently produced a small, tin box, round and shallow which he very carefully opened. Having removed some cotton, he handed the box to the Major. All of us instantly recognized the features of the unfortunate lady who had perished by the side of her husband, in Afghanistan. Who could possibly forget that sweet feminine face of hers, which had been painted for her husband by one of the most distinguished miniature painters of the age? The production of the likeness in the presence of the boy (who appeared to take little interest in what was going on), had a sad effect upon the Major. He sat down upon a chair, covered his manly face with his hands, and wept bitterly.

"And do you know this, Sahib?" asked the Affghan, when the Major had somewhat recovered his violent emotion: placing in his hand poor Percy's seal.

"We all recognized the seal, the crest of which, of course, corresponded with the crest on the signet-ring of the Major.

"And this?" asked the Affghan, holding up a bracelet which we had seen Mrs. Percy wear many and many a time.

"And this?" holding up to our gaze a small brooch she used to wear constantly. And, amongst numerous other things, he exhibited to us a little pocket-book, in which she kept her memoranda, such as: 'November ninth. Cut the ends of my dear little boy's hair. Sent mama a small portion.—November twelfth. Had a long talk to the old ayah, who swore to me that she would . . . . . and I believe her for she has been a good and constant creature to us, in our dangers and our difficulties.'

"And this? And this? And this?" said the Affghan, withdrawing from the leathern bag its entire contents, every article of which was instantly identified.

'There, Sahib, take them all, and the boy, into your custody. The money, which was left with him, I will restore to you to-night. It is at present in the bazaar, in the charge of my camel, whom no one dare approach except myself and this boy.'

"Here a very extraordinary and painful but perhaps natural scene occurred. The boy who had been comparatively passive, now broke out into a vehement expostulation, and spoke with a rapidity which was truly amazing, considering that he distinctly enunciated every syllable to which he gave utterance. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'Will you then leave me in the hands and at the mercy of these unbelievers? What have I done to deserve this?'

"Be quiet,' said the Affghan to the boy in a gentle tone of voice.

"How can I be quiet?' cried the boy, clenching his fists convulsively, and drawing himself up while his eyes glared, and his nostrils dilated with uncontrollable passion, and something like foam stood upon his crimson lips. There could be no doubt whose child he was, so wonderful in his wrath was the likeness that he bore to his father, who was very seldom provoked to anger, but who, when it did happen, was perplexed in the extreme: in short a perfect demon until the paroxysm was over.

"Baba (child)!' said the Major 'listen to me.'

"Don't talk to him now, Sahib,' said the Affghan, compassionately. 'In his anger his senses always leave him, and he cannot hear what you say. Let him exhaust his fury upon me. He will be powerless presently.'

"And so it was. After a brief while, the boy sat down on the carpet, gasped for breath, and was seemingly unable to move or speak. The lady of the house offered him a glass of water, but he shrunk back, and declined to receive it from her hand.

"The Affghan took the Major aside, spoke to him in private, and then left the room. Here another very painful scene ensued. The boy, exhausted as he was, attempted to follow his late master; he was restrained, of course; whereupon he uttered the most heart-rending shrieks that ever I heard. The Major had him conveyed to his bungalow, where a room was set apart for him, and a servant and an orderly had him in their keeping. It was a month before the boy could be reconciled to his 'fate,' as he called it; and soon afterwards arrangements were made for sending him home to his grandfather and grandmother, who are persons of a lofty position in life and very wealthy. They received him with extreme affection, and on the death of his grandfather, he will succeed to a title and an estate worth eleven thousand a-year. The Affghan, who was very fond of the boy, corresponds with him regularly, and they exchange presents, as well as letters.

*The Youth's Companion and Counsellor.* Edited by W. Chambers, Author of "Things as they Are in America," &c.—This volume is intended as a successor to "The Young Man's Best Companion" of the last generation,—a book which gave the apprentices and shopmen of its day a little of something about everything that was than popularized. With the intermediate march of mechanics, of mind, and so many other marches, the scheme of Mr. Chambers has of course a wider range, a more all-embracing sweep of persons and ages. He does not confine his counsels to the humbler ranks of middle life, but extends them to the artisan, or even the ambitious laborer. He does not restrict his companionship to the young man; he attends upon the little boy at school; he counsels him touching the choice of a vocation, and how to succeed in it; as the youth advances in age he instructs him (second Chesterfield that he is!) on manners, etiquette, and private duties; descending like that arbiter elegantiarum to the paring of the nails and other matters of the toilette. The counsellor further furnishes "hints" on character and conduct, advises touching the choice of a wife; and if he does not accompany his client to the bourn whence no traveller returns, he prepares him for the journey by a discourse on religious obligations.

Then, what a range of languages, literature, art, science, all doubled up so neatly in a few pages or paragraphs! The *Youth's Companion*—it is a companion from boyhood to death.

The style of the exposition properly varies with the subject; gravely didactic in the graver parts, indeed sometimes approaching the soothing character of the sermon; among more living themes it is terse, with a touch of humor derived from the matter itself, and much of Chesterfield's or Franklin's minute observation. Here is a passage for noisy ones to ponder and profit by—

"Look at the conduct of an ill-bred man. He enters the apartment with noise, sits down and rises up with noise; he seems unable or unwilling to do anything quietly or unobtrusively. When he sets down a chair, he knocks it against the floor; when he sits at table, he makes a noise with his knife and fork; the blowing of his nose, his sneezing, and his coughing, are all offensively noisy. He rings the bell with violence, slams doors with violence, and in walking across a room or along a passage he seems to be regardless of what noises he makes. Perhaps no ill is actually meant by this boisterous manner; but can heedlessness be deemed a proper excuse for giving so much annoyance?"  
—*Spectator.*

From The Spectator.

### THOMAS MILLER'S OLD TOWN.\*

IN this volume, our old friend the Basket-maker gives, apparently, a description of the place in the North of England where he was born and bred. The style of presenting the ideas is his own; the general scheme, both in matter, and manner, has been suggested by that of Washington Irving. Had the author of "The Sketch-book" lived in "Our Old Town" instead of America, he would have treated matters much in the same way as Thomas Miller. The reader would have had the streets, the houses, the river and its "staithe" or landing-places, exactly described. The primitive habits, ideas, costumes, and superstitions of the dwellers in an out-of-the-world town fifty years ago, would have been limned, together with a few old adherers to the fashions of another age. The lovmaking of young men and maidens, or of persons of a higher grade, was as little likely to escape Mr. Miller as his prototype, any more than the traditions, the ghost-stories, or the odd characters of the place. Nor would either writer have forgotten the landscapes of the vicinity, or what could be there picked up in the way of family history, ancient remains, or matters more directly topographical; and though this vicinity was somewhat marshy as regards the banks of the river, yet it had features of its own in fine weather.

"There was no walk so solitary, and yet to me so pleasant, as the long range of embankment that followed every winding of the river, and ran for miles along the water-edge, although so far from any habitation. To the right, the broad river went plashing and murmuring at the foot of a foreground of reeds, and almost every variety of water-plants, which were overtopped by willows that played and swayed at the touch of the lightest breeze, and sometimes, when the tide was low and the sun shone, you might quit the embankment and walk low down close beside the edge of the water for miles, and not meet with a living soul. There was no sound but the ripple of the river, the rustle of the reeds and willows, excepting when some fish in pursuit of its prey rose up and made a loud plunge as it again descended into the water; or when the tufted plover went wailing by, or the lowing of cattle behind the embankment fell pleasantly upon the ear. Yet these sounds seemed not to break the silence, but

only as it were to give a low voice to the stillness that reigned around, and which would have been too deathlike a solitude but for this just audible breathing of Nature."

Take this bit, take numerous other passages, and not only the general design and the choice of subjects will recall Washington Irving, but his felicity of execution also. Parts, and parts sufficiently extensive to give a character to the book, have an effect of weakness. The diction is good, and the description clear; but the details are too many, and too literal; the whole is made up of particulars, like an inventory. This fault is more visible in the opening chapters, which are nearly all descriptive, than in the succeeding sections, where human character with some of the interest of a story predominates. The elements of the tales, indeed, are not of a very deep or varied nature, and the persons none of the highest. The Old Town was a river-port, and its inhabitants by no means aristocratic; a physician and a retired attorney being the élite of the place. But there is always an interest in humanity however humble or coarse, if we only have it truly presented, and not enlarged beyond what it will fairly bear. With Thomas Miller this is never the case; his failing lies in the opposite direction. How would this old smuggler have fared in the hands of a disciple of the *intense* school!

"In the same churchyard sleeps the old smuggler, whose daring deeds, half a century ago, were the talk of the whole country-side; a dangerous sand, a little way seaward from the mouth of the river that flows up to Our Old Town, still bears his name. He too used to sit on the sunny staithe, and tell how he daringly steered over that perilous sand, when pursued by the revenue-cutter; and how she perished with all hands, while he escaped with his contraband cargo. As he had lived, so he died, defying death to the last: when they brought the good old clergyman to visit him in his last illness, he sprang out of the hammock in which he always slept, took up a rusty cutlass, and vowed what he would do unless they left him alone. After that, he barred and bolted his door and windows; and the next morning was found dead. In the night he had drawn the tattered flag of the smuggler he once commanded from some secret recess, and covered himself with it; for he had many a time sworn that he would die under his old flag. You could not look at him, even in his old age, without recalling those daring sea-kings

\* *Our Old Town.* By Thomas Miller. Published by Brown and Co.

whose deeds, centuries ago, spread terror along our coast. He was often heard to boast that he never felt the feeling of fear; and those who knew him well believed him. In his younger years, men turned to look after him in wonder, and spoke of his deeds in whispers: tales were told of the old magistrate, who once committed him to prison, having been carried out of his house at midnight, and kept for days in the dark hold of a vessel, then landed again in the darkness, on the wild sea-coast, many a long league from his home; but who captured him, or

by what vessel he was borne away, he never knew. After that, however, no constable could be found to serve a summons, nor any magistrate to commit, either the old smuggler or any of his crew; for his vessel was looked upon with dread and terror, whenever it came up and lay moored in the river beside Our Old Town."

The volume is neatly got up, and freely illustrated with cuts depicting the features of the Old Town, whether from nature or the author's descriptions does not appear.

*Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia.* By Thomas Wiliam Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Hurst and Blackett.

As the fruit of his wandering across the Ural and the Altai to the great mountains of Syan-shan, heretofore unvisited by European traveller, Mr. Atkinson has already displayed five hundred and sixty admirable pictures. They show the steppes and the mountains, towns, rivers, villages, and groups of people as he saw them; and as he painted them upon the spot, sometimes sitting to sketch in a hut crowded with wild Tartars, sometimes at work with his feet hanging over a precipice. He and his pictures and his paints journeyed about Eastern Siberia, among the children of the Czar and those of the Brother of the Sun and Moon, for seven years, during which time he explored much new ground, journeying hither and thither by carriage, by boat, or on horseback, over very nearly forty thousand miles. We have thanked Mr. Atkinson already for his pictures. He has now told his adventures as an artist in search of the picturesque among the Mongol and the Kirghis Tartars. Had his book been ill written we should have remembered that his pictures are well painted, and therewith have been content; the more content since the book happens to be very beautifully illustrated by woodcut or in lithograph, with some of the most characteristic and interesting of his studies as an artist.

It happens, however, that Mr. Atkinson can write. Easily and cheerfully he tells his adventures, describes the friends he found by his road-side, the mines, the raids of Tartar horse-stealers, the precipices, the strange flowers and fantastic rocks with which he made acquaintance, nor does he forget to tell of the wild sport he had over a shooting ground not yet appropriated by his countrymen. It may be that his book will send an adventurer or two next season to look for a week's snipe-shooting in the valley of the Ob. Seventy-two double snipes in three hours and a half are handsome answer to the claim made by a single gun.

Mr. Atkinson's book is, in fact, most readable. The geographer finds in it notice of ground heretofore left undescribed, the ethnologist, geologist, and botanist find notes and pictures too of which they know the value, the sportsman's taste is gratified by chronicles of

sport, the lover of adventure will find a fair number of perils and escapes to hang over, and the lover of a frank good humored way of speech will find the look a pleasant one in every page. Seven years of wandering among wild half known or else unknown mountains, thirty-nine thousand five hundred miles of moving to and fro in a wild country, should yield a book worth reading, and they do. By virtue alike of its text and of its pictures, we may place this book of travel in the first rank among those illustrated gift-books now so much sought by the public. It is a valuable addition to the literature of travel; it is a famous contribution also to the list of show-books for the present season.—*Examiner*.

*The structure and Functions of the Eye illustrative of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God.* By Spencer Thomson, M.D. (Groombridge & Sons.)—As a study illustrative of design in the world there is, perhaps, no object that affords so good an example in so small a space as the human eye. The laws which govern the movements of the planets through space around a central sun are simplicity itself compared with the complicated adaptations necessary to make the human eye the medium of conveying a knowledge of the external world to the mind. On this account few subjects have been studied more thoroughly by the natural theologian and philosopher than the anatomy and physiology of the eye. The philosophical study of the eye has enriched science with brilliant discoveries in the nature of light and its properties, and has led to the inventions which have almost perfected the two most important instruments used by man—the telescope and the microscope. Dr. Thomson in this little book looks at the eye from the theological point of view, and endeavors to bring out in all their force those minute adaptations in the structure of the eye to the reception of light and the formation of pictures of external objects, which demonstrate the "power, wisdom, and goodness of God." Dr. Thomson does not profess to have made any new discoveries in this region of research; but he has the merit of having written a book upon it in such a manner that it cannot fail to interest those who peruse it, and will probably draw them on to study further illustrations of the wisdom hid in creation, and in which all branches of natural knowledge abounds.—*Athenæum*.

From The Spectator.

ATKINSON'S ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA.\*

MR. ATKINSON is an artist, whose love of nature and of fresh subjects for his pencil has carried him into places where few or no Europeans have ever penetrated, and continually taken him into regions where only Russians, or exiles in Russian employ, are likely, or indeed able to go. Nor is it the journey, or the distance from St. Petersburg to the frontiers of China, which forms the leading feature of his travels. In the few great towns, there were, it is true, conveniences, luxuries, and social agréments enough; but the whole route was a succession of hardships, privations, and, to a less hardened traveller than Mr. Atkinson, suffering. A journey from Moscow to Ekaterineburg, on the frontier of Siberia, is, especially at the close of winter, an arduous undertaking, from the incessant and severe jolting, as well as the continuous strain upon the constitutional powers, through travelling day after day and night after night; the very couriers themselves after a long service being, as Mr. Hill told us, laid up with fever. This, however, was only monotonous fatigue. In the Altai Mountains and their circumjacent regions, Mr. Atkinson was exposed to the extremes of cold and heat, to storms of more than Tropical violence, to the perils of flood and precipices, to hardships, hunger, and risks from wild beasts. In the vast range of country which our ancestors vaguely called Chinese Tartary, but which modern science has arranged in particular divisions and given them particular names, the sufferings from cold and weather generally might be less; for to attempt the mountains, deserts, or steppes, in the wintry season or certain weather, would be death. The Tartary trials were rather in the line of thirst, hunger, fatigue, and danger from the robber hordes; though on this last point we think Mr. Atkinson prone to enlarge a *wee* bit. Except on two occasions, there is no evidence whatever of felonious intent, unless rival reports and ill-favored looks are to be taken as proofs. Yet through common or uncommon hardships or dangers our artist-author bears

\* *Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia.* By Thomas William Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Published by Hurst and Blackett.

up cheerfully; and when he meets, as he continually does meet, with scenery of rare and striking beauty, sublimity, or wondrous form, he sets to work under any circumstances, blessing his stars and thinking it luxury. Such is a pursuit when zealously carried on.

The continuous travel of Mr. Atkinson extended from St. Petersburg to Ekaterineburg; and thence, after a sojourn, to Barnaoul, the head-quarters of the Altai mining district, as Ekaterineburg is of the Ural chain. Beyond an artistic coup d'œil of the countries traversed, some observations on the people at the different stopping-places, and adventures with divers station-masters and peasants, there is nothing very original in this continuous narrative, though all is fresh and characteristic. The remarkable quality of the book is its wanderings and explorations into almost unknown places from some town which the writer made his headquarters. The regions thus subjected to scrutiny may be reckoned as three in number: 1. A considerable part of the Ural range with its adjacent spurs and lowlands; 2. The mountainous regions of the Altai, embracing about five degrees of latitude, 50° to 55° North, and some seventeen of longitude, from 83° to 100° East; 3. Various excursions into the steppes lying South and West of the Altai, and a long pilgrimage through the desert of Chinese Tartary. There is a fourth exploration among the Salan Mountains, in the neighborhood of Irkoutsk. In an artistic sense, this part had better have been away: it is curt, of less interest in description and adventure than the previous parts though of a similar nature, and it closes poorly. The story would well have ended with the visit to the country and some of the alleged descendants of Genghis Khan.

The time Mr. Atkinson occupied in his wanderings was seven years; the precise dates are not distinctly stated, but we infer that his journey commenced in 1847 or 1848. Of course nothing but the highest auspices enabled it to be performed; for no common papers would have availed to carry Mr. Atkinson whither he went. But he travelled with a passport of the Emperor Nicholas. "This slip of paper proved a talisman wherever presented in his dominions, and swept down every obstacle raised to bar my progress." The passport was accompanied by

ministerial documents, and instructions preceded the traveller. At the remotest stations he found orders to facilitate his objects. Once only delay or extortion was in ignorance attempted in Siberia, by a luckless Jew contractor, and behold the result!

"Kiansk is a moderately large town, consisting mostly of wooden houses, inhabited by many hundreds of Polish Jews—a race whose nearer acquaintance I have no desire to cultivate. Instead of the yemtschick driving to the post-station, he took me straight to the house of a man who had the contract with the post-office authorities to supply horses. He, too, was a Jew, and strove to delay me, by asserting that he had no horses; subsequently he offered to provide them if I would pay double price. Had I consented, I should have been subjected to the same extortion at every station beyond, as the fellow would have sent forward to inform his gang. I proceeded to the police-master; who the moment I had stated my case, called in one of his people, and gave some orders which I did not understand; then told my servant, who acted as interpreter, to say that the matter would soon be settled, and desired me to remain. In a few minutes I observed two mounted Cossacks ride out of the gate, and in a very short time return, bringing the culprit with them. The police-master ordered him to give me horses immediately: the fellow swore 'Ye Bhoga!' (by God) he had none; and unless I would pay double, his friend would not give them. No further argument with him was attempted: the police-master gave orders to the Cossacks; the Jew was hustled into an adjoining room, and two other Cossacks having joined them, he was laid on the floor, and stripped of his clothing from the back downwards. The birch was just going to be applied, when he bellowed out that he would give the horses: the police-master then declared that he should have twenty-five blows for causing the delay; but I begged that he should be set free; when orders were given to release him: at this moment, however, the Cossack raised his birch, and it fell on the target beneath; the men let go their hold, and the old sinner sprang to his feet with a frightful howl."

As in the case of Livingstone's South African explorations, time has told favorably for Mr. Atkinson. His mind is saturated with his subject. The larger part is the result of a passing impression, but he has had similar impressions continuously; so that what he sees is rather novel than strange to him. Geographical discovery in Livingstone's sense he did not accomplish; the na-

ture of the country was known before, and the principal places as well as features were laid down. There is as much of adventure, and among peoples as curious, as any the African traveller encountered. Regarding the management of the Russian mines, and the marbles or semi-precious and precious stones, there is a good deal of information, as well as some very curious facts respecting work and wages, and the effects of Government monopoly. Here is an example, from the Ekaterineburg district; and our author as an artist speaks with more authority than a mere traveller, who might fancy all carving is alike.

"Most magnificent jasper tables are made in this Zavob, inlaid with different colored stones, in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. In 1853, I saw one of them in Ekaterineburg, on which four or five men had been employed for six years—not an uncommon circumstance; indeed some examples have occupied a longer period. The cost of labor alone in England, (provided the material were found there,) would effectually prevent such work ever being executed in our country. Here wages are almost nothing: I have seen a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled anywhere in Europe, whose wages were *three shillings and eightpence per month*, with two poods, or thirty-six pounds, of rye-flour per month, to make into bread—meat he is never supposed to eat. I have seen another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colors—the ground a dark green, and the head a yellowish cream-color—in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. It was a splendid production of art, and would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia. He also, poor man, received his three shillings and eightpence per month, and his bread. There are many men employed in these productions possessing great genius: were they free to use their talents for their own benefit, this country might send into civilized Europe numerous works of vast merit. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife and one pood for each child, on which they live and look stout.

"I have watched men cutting the emerald, topaz, amethyst, aquamarina, and other stones, into different shapes; which they do with perfect accuracy, and in good taste. Some of these brilliant gems have no doubt ere this adorned Imperial Majesty. These men also receive a like remuneration.

"The following is the rate of wages paid to the superintendents and workmen employed

in the cutting and polishing works. Two superintendents or master workmen, each of whom receives 240 roubles banco per annum, about £11 sterling, and their 'black flour' (rye.) There are also 160 workmen employed, divided into four classes—

"A first-class workman receives 4 roubles banco per month				3s. 8d.
A second-class do	3	do		2s. 9d.
A third-class do	2	do		1s. 10d.
A fourth-class do or boys, and their black bread."	1	do		11d.

The most interesting parts of the volume are those which relate to Russian society scattered throughout these vast wilds; to the character and manners of the native tribes—Calmucks, Girghis, and various others; and to the Mongolians or Tartars who overran the Eastern world under Genghis Khan and Timour. These last especially are not only interesting as pictures of man in a particular mode of existence, but as calling to mind, with some aid from reflection, the state of European society during the middle ages. Of course this resemblance is not formal. An agricultural people in the wooded and temperate parts of Europe must differ from a pastoral people in the table-lands of Asia, with a climate extreme both in heat and cold. There is, too, a vast difference, which must be borne in mind, between England as it is now and as it was three centuries ago. It is only since the Tudor times, and the discovery of America, that commerce, manufactures, the arts, and the application of science to each and all, have produced the vast material wealth which everywhere meets the eye, as well as the numerous comforts and luxuries everywhere found. More than all, it is only within the same period that the numerous classes of society and their more numerous subdivisions now existing in Western Europe, especially in England, have grown up. During the middle ages, the lord, the priest, the vassal, and the serf, constituted society. Beyond habiliments and power, the lord differed little from the retainer: a higher seat and nicer titbits constituted his personal advantages, and not wholly that perhaps as against his greater vassals. The incessant living in public, traces of which continued till the fall of the old régime in the semi-public dressing and dining of the Kings of France, and which is so repugnant to our ideas, was almost a human necessity in early times, as it is now in the East. An educated man in Western Europe can find some-

thing to do in private, if it is only reading a newspaper; many men require privacy to follow their employments without distraction. But what could a feudal baron or an Asiatic chieftain do in solitude?—he would only be frightened by his sins and superstitions. These essential resemblances to mediæval Europe are indicated in Mr. Atkinson's sketches of the Tartars; and mixed with such things are traits of the external accompaniments of chivalry, hawk and courser, hospitality and courtesy; though according to the traveller the people are thieves all. The following extract gives part of the visit to one of the chieftains or "Sultans" of Chinese Tartary, and nearly one of the best of a very bad lot.

"We now observed several men spring on their horses and ride to meet us—this was certainly a mission of peace. When we met one of the men rode up to me, placed his hand on my chest, saying 'Aman.' I followed his example, and we rode on. As we approached, there seemed to be a great commotion in the aoul [encampment]; two Kirghis had mounted their horses and gone off at full gallop. Others were busy collecting bushes, and all seemed occupied. Our escort guided us to a large yourt [tent] with a long spear stuck into the ground at the door and a long tuft of black horse-hair was hanging from beneath its glittering head. A fine tall man met us at the door; he caught the reins of my bridle, and gave me his hand to enable me to dismount, and led me into the yourt.

"This was Sultan Baspasihan, who welcomed me into his dwelling. He was a strong, ruddy-faced man, dressed in a black velvet kalat, edged with sable, and wore a deep crimson shawl round his waist; on his head was a red cloth conical cap, trimmed with fox-skin, with an owl's feather hanging from the top showing his descent from Genghis Khan. A Bokharian carpet had been spread, on which he seated me, and then sat down opposite. I invited him to a seat beside me; which evidently gave satisfaction. In a few minutes two boys entered bringing in tea and fruit. They were dressed in striped silk kalats, with fox-skin caps on their heads, and green shawls round their waists. They were his two sons. The Sultana was out on a visit to the aoul of another Sultan, two days' journey distant.

"The yourt was a large one, with silk curtains hanging on one side, covering the sleeping-place—bed it was not. Near to this stood a 'bearcoote' (a large black eagle) and a falcon chained to their perches; and I

perceived that every person entering the yurt kept at a respectful distance from the feathered monarch. On the opposite side were three kids and two lambs, secured in a small pen. There was a pile of boxes and Bokharian carpets behind me, and the large kousim sack carefully secured with voilock. Between us and the door sat eight or ten Kirghis watching my proceedings with great interest. Outside the door were a group of women, with their small black eyes intently fixed on the stranger. A conversation was carried on between the Sultan, a Cossack, and Tehuck-a-boi: and by the scrutinizing glances of the Sultan I soon perceived that I was the subject. My shooting-jacket, long boots, and felt hat, were matters of interest; but my belt and pistols formed the great attraction. The Sultan wished to examine them. Having first removed the caps, I handed one to him: he turned it round in every direction, and looked down the barrels. This did not satisfy him; he wished to see them fired, and wanted to place a kid for the target,—probably thinking that so short a weapon would produce no effect. Declining his kid, I tore a leaf out of my sketch-book, made a mark in the centre, and gave it to the Cossack. He understood my intention, split the end of a stick, slipped in the edge of the paper, went out, and stuck the stick in the ground some distance from the yurt. The Sultan rose, and all left the dwelling. I followed him out and went to the target. Knowing that we were among a very lawless set, I determined they should see that even these little implements were dangerous. Stepping out fifteen paces, I turned round, cocked my pistol, fired, and made a hole in the paper. The Sultan and his people evidently thought this a trick; he said something to his son, who instantly ran off into the yurt and brought to his father a Chinese wooden bowl. This was placed upside down on the stick, by his own hand; and when he had returned to a place near me, I sent a ball through it: the holes were examined with great care; indeed, one man placed the bowl on his head, to see where the hole would be marked on his forehead. This was sufficiently significant. The people we were now among I knew to be greatly dreaded by all the surrounding tribes; in short, they are robbers, who set at nought the authority of China, and carry on their depredations with impunity.

"On looking round, I noticed that a set of daring fellows had been watching my movements. Also that the fatted sheep had been killed, and the repast would soon be given.

The Sultan expressed a wish to see our rifles used, and ordered three of his men to

bring out theirs. I gave them powder and lead, and induced them to fire at a target placed at sixty paces distant; each man fired two rounds, but not one ball touched it. They then removed ten paces nearer, and one man hit it, to their great joy. A Cossack and Tehuck-a-boi next fired, and sent both balls near the centre. I now desired one of the Cossacks to place the target at what he considered the best long range for their rifles. He stepped off two hundred paces—about one hundred and eighty-five yards. The Sultan and his Kirghis looked at the distance with utter amazement. When the first shot was fired, and the hole pointed out not far from the centre, they were astonished. The target was a piece of dark voilock, with a piece of white paper, seven inches square, pinned on the middle. This I have always found much better than a black centre. We all fired, and not a ball missed the paper. When the Sultan saw this, I fancied that it made a strong impression on his mind; the superiority of our arms, and the way they were used, could scarcely be without its effect. After this there was a general cleaning of arms to have them in perfect order."

The use of the hawk is obvious; the black eagle is trained for larger game which a falcon could not kill. A sporting party was made up for the traveller; our countryman and the Russian subjects showing their skill in fire-arms on the wild boar, the Tartars exhibiting their hawking and *eagling*.

"When mounted I had time to examine the party. The Sultan and his two sons rode beautiful animals. The eldest boy carried the falcon, which was to fly at the feathered game. A well-mounted Kirghis held the bearcoote, chained to a perch, which was secured into a socket on his saddle. The eagle had shackles and a hood, and was perfectly quiet: he was under the charge of two men. Near to the Sultan were his three hunters or guards, with their rifles, and around us were a band of about twenty Kirghis; in their bright-colored kalats; more than half the number were armed with battle-axes. Taking us altogether, we were a wild-looking group, whom most people would rather behold at a distance than come in contact with.

"We began our march, going nearly due East; the Sultan's three hunters leading the van, followed by his Highness and myself; his two sons and the eagle-bearers immediately behind us, with two of my men in close attendance. A ride of about two hours brought us to the bank of a stagnant river, fringed with reeds and bushes, where the

Sultan expected that we should find game. We had not ridden far when we discovered traces of the wild boar, large plots having been recently ploughed up. This gave us hopes of sport. Our rifles were unslung, and we spread out our party to beat the ground.

"We had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of the reeds, and bounded over the plain, about three hundred yards from us. In an instant the bearcoote was unhooded, and his shackles removed; when he sprang from his perch, and soared up into the air. I watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seemed to poise himself for about a minute. After this, he gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line towards his prey. I could not perceive that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful speed. There was a shout, and away went his keepers at full gallop, followed by many others. I gave my horse his head, and a touch of the whip; in a few minutes he carried me to the front, and I was riding neck-and-neck with one of the keepers. When we were about two hundred yards off, the bearcoote struck his prey. The deer gave a bound forward, and fell. The bearcoote had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his back, and with his beak was tearing out the animal's liver. The Kirghis sprang from his horse, slipped the hood over the eagle's head, and the shackles upon his legs, and removed him from his prey without difficulty. The keeper mounted his horse, his assistant placed the bearcoote on his perch, and he was ready for another flight. No dogs are taken out when hunting with the eagle; they would be destroyed to a certainty; indeed, the Kirghis assert that he will attack and kill the wolf. Foxes are hunted in this way, and many are killed; the wild goat and the lesser kinds of deer are also taken in considerable numbers. We had not gone far before a herd of small antelopes were seen feeding on the plain. Again the bird soared up in circles as before—this time I thought to a greater elevation; and again he made the fatal swoop at his intended victim, and the animal was dead before we reached him. The bearcoote is unerring in his flight; unless the animal can escape into holes in the rocks, as the fox does sometimes, death is his certain doom."

The usual proceeding of professional gentlemen in these parts is first to carry off the horses, and then their riders are at what is called mercy. From fatigue and want of

water they are soon compelled to surrender to their antagonists; when they are kept, or sold as slaves. Mr. Atkinson seems to think that by military stratagem he escaped this fate from the hands of Sultan Koubaldos, against whom Baspasihan and two other chiefs were meditating a foray, and made the traveller an unconscious negotiator in the matter. The evidence is certainly strong, and the temptation of their arms was very great. Lesser thieves, it appears attack by dogs, and at daylight when they think themselves the strongest; but a batch in Mr. Atkinson's case "caught a Tartar."

"My tea was ready, the pheasant was cooking, and the scent gave an additional zest to my hunger. The men were sitting at their suppers, and the horses were feeding about a hundred paces distant, when suddenly our dogs set up a furious barking. The Kirghis had warned me that tigefts were found in these mountains, and that sometimes they came to their aouls and carried off cattle. We all thought that there must be one approaching, and in a moment were on our feet, rifle in hand; when we observed over the tops of the bushes the cause of the alarm—a group of men on horseback, coming down the valley. They were within a hundred yards of us, looking intently at our horses.

"At first they did not see us, till several of the party stepped out on to the open space. I noticed that they were seven in number—three armed with long spears, the others with battle-axes, and had with them two savage Mongolian dogs. They stood still for three or four minutes, unslung their spears and battle-axes, and then slipped their dogs, which came at us furiously; while they prepared to charge when their four-footed allies should be tearing some of us down. We let the dogs come within thirty yards; a Cossack and myself then fired; when one fell dead, and the other was wounded with shot from my gun, which sent him howling back. Their masters, now within fifty yards of us, pulled up their horses in a moment, and the Kirghis told them that if they moved they should be killed like the dog. Their battle-axes were instantly put down, and four of them dismounted. A Cossack, two Kirghis, and myself, met them and exchanged salutations. The Cossack asked why the dogs were set upon us; and without any hesitation they said it was done to occupy our attention while some of the men drove of the horses, believing that we were a party of Kirghis, and knowing that when our animals were secured they could take us

at their leisure. I invited these men to our camp, to which I returned, the other three following with their horses.

"When these men saw our whole party and observed our arms, they seemed greatly astonished, and evidently considered that they had fallen into a trap: as we were again taken for a powerful band of robbers, very dangerous to meet."

Over all the vast extent of middle and Northern Asia, from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, from the frontiers of Mongolia to the Arctic Sea, stations or towns are scattered, where politeness and the luxuries of civilized life will certainly be found, probably general education, special science, or native genius, banished, or what comes to much the same thing, ordered thither for life or a long period. To a casual traveller these oases are wonderful creations; but they are mere exotics—encampments as it were, not settlements. Were they withdrawn tomorrow, Russia in Asia would fall back into its former barbarism; which now, indeed, surrounds these parts at more or less distance according to their importance. Neither man nor nature has been improved, except for military or governmental purposes; and even then not always. Here is travelling through marshy steppes on the regular road to the Altai Mountains.

"After passing the gate, we almost immediately entered a thick wood; and here the ground became swampy. Further on, bushes and reeds had been cut down and laid across our path; by which at once our speed was brought to a walk. I could see that the road had become wavy, like a chain-bridge. On each side of us were high reeds and fine bulrushes; which showed me that we were crossing a deep morass. We had gone over about a verst of this when we reached hard ground again; but even now our progress was very slow in comparison with what it had been. The night came on with heavy dark clouds, rolling up from the horizon,—a bad prospect: still we proceeded, and soon reached another bush and reeded path across another morass. Before driving on to this frail road, the driver got down and went on some distance to examine it: on his return he exclaimed, 'Otechin khooda' (very bad), mounted his seat, and drove gently on. The horses pressed the branches and reeds under water, and when the tarantass got upon them it sunk in the water up to the axles. It was frightful to be thus dragged along, but stop we dare not—we must keep in motion or be

stuck fast. The flogging of the horses and shouting of the men added to the horror of this stagnant lake, which on either side was deep, although thick with reeds; affording no pleasant reflections. At length we were again on hard ground, when the yemtschick crossed himself, and pulled up to give his horses breathing-time." \* \* \*

"In about half an hour we came up to a very high bed of reeds, within which lay our last difficulty on this station. Again we stopped, and two men went forward to examine the place; when they returned they held a long council, and the man who had driven the middle pair now mounted the leaders, and we went slowly on. After going about one hundred paces, the leaders began to flounder about very much: still we got on; and on standing up I saw we were nearly through. A few paces further, and the tarantass stopped, nor could the horses with all their efforts move it an inch; indeed they could not hold their feet in the mud and reeds. The man on the middle horse dismounted; when I observed that he was far above his knees in water: he unloosed the traces; the yemtschick threw him the long ropes, one end of which he fastened to the carriage and the other to the traces of his own horses; when this was done he mounted, and the four steeds went on, the ropes reaching to the hard ground.

"The tarantass and wheelers had remained quite still; harness was now looked to, ropes tied afresh, and the men mounted; the yemtschick gave a shout, the horses pulled, and we got on a few yards. After resting a short time we got on another few yards, and with a few more efforts hoped to be out of this frightful place. At last, after more than an hour spent in the morass, we stood on the hard ground, and a little after five o'clock in the morning reached the station, having been the whole night travelling thirty-eight versts."

The policy or impolicy of encamping, as it were, instead of settling, is not peculiar to the Russian Government. It exists everywhere in conjunction with territorial ambition, eagerness for rarities, or where circumstances of race, religion, climate, or geography, prevent the dominant from amalgamating with the inferior peoples. The Hudson's Bay territory is about two-thirds the size of the Russian dominions, with much the same kind of occupation, but on a much smaller scale, although the Anglo-Saxon race is beginning to colonize on its Southern boundary. Till within the last few years we had made few improvements on the soil of India, and

none on the bulk of the inhabitants, though the higher classes are becoming indoctrinated with Western learning. What these Russian and British conquests, encampments, or what you please to call them, may effect, time must ascertain. No doubt, the present condition of things is often productive of striking contrasts. At Barnaul you pass from the Altai Mountains or the Steppes to an European town—artificial, exotic, ephemeral; but there it is.

"Barnaul has a *gastinoidvor*, with some good shops, in which many European articles may be purchased at very extravagant prices. There are two or three who deal in all sorts of wares,—jewellery, watches, plate, glass, French silks, muslins, bonnets, and other gear for ladies; sugar, tea, coffee, soap, and candles; sardines, cheese, sauces, English porter, Scotch ale, French wines, port, sherry, and madeira; a most extraordinary assemblage of goods. I must add to the catalogue arms, swords, guns, and pistols.

"The Chief of the Mines one day desired to see one of these general dealers on some important matter, and a Cossack was sent to desire his attendance. On reaching the establishment he saw the man's wife; who told him that her husband was not at home: having heard this, the Cossack returned and reported the answer; but was despatched again with orders to find him and bring him forthwith. On reaching the house a second time, he told the lady that her husband must instantly be found, and return with him to the *Natchalnik*; therefore that she must declare at once where he was gone. This somewhat frightened her; when she declared that he was in the cellar *making port-wine*, and had ordered that no one should disturb him during the operation.

"All European articles are very dear; but there is a good market in Barnaul, well supplied with provisions by the peasants from the neighboring villages. The following are some of the prices—

"White flour per pood of 36 lbs.	English, 3s. 4d.
Black, or rye flour	ditto ditto 4d.
And sometimes	ditto ditto 2 1-2d.
Beef from 2s. to 3s.	2d. for 36 lbs.
Nilma, or white salmon,	6s. for 36 lbs.
Sterlett,	9s. for 36 lbs.
Other fish,	2s. 6d. for 36lbs.
Grouse,	6d. a pair; repchicks or tree-partridge,
	3d. to 4d. a pair.
Fresh eggs,	1s. per hundred.
Black currants,	2 gallons for 6d.
Red currants,	ditto 5d.

Raspberries,	ditto	8d.
Strawberries,	ditto	8d.
Bilberries,	ditto	4d.

"It will be seen that living is very cheap in this part of Siberia; farther East, the price of food is much higher.

"Since my first winter in Barnaul, I have visited nearly every town in Siberia; have remained long enough to become acquainted with the inhabitants, and have entered into their recreations and pleasures; but in no town have I found the society so agreeable as in Barnaul. They have an excellent band, trained by one of the under-officers, a very good musician and respectable performer on the violin, who received his musical education in St. Petersburg; under his direction they executed most of the operas beautifully, and with great effect. There are three ladies in Barnaul who play the pianoforte well, and during the winter three or four amateur concerts are given which would not disgrace any European town. They have also several balls in December and January; when many young officers return from the mountains, where they have been banished from their friends for eight or nine months. There are a few wealthy merchants in Barnaul, who trade in furs and other produce of Siberia, which they send in February to the fair at Irbit, where all the furs procured in the vast forests of Siberia are forwarded. Merchants from Europe attend and purchase these goods in large quantities. Merchandise from Russia, Germany, England, and France, is brought to this fair, which the Siberian merchants buy and distribute to every town in this vast region."

The extracts have been limited to some of the leading and most interesting topics of the book, leaving personal incidents of travel, personal adventures, sporting proceedings, and social sketches, altogether untouched. There are also many descriptions of the strange and wonderful scenery which it was Mr. Atkinson's object to reproduce in pictorial guise. Perhaps these are too numerous, considering how difficult it is to paint specifically in words, notwithstanding the traveller's artistic eye for form and natural effects; but the most remarkable scenes are illustrated by plates, and the descriptions are mostly pervaded by a feeling akin to the scene itself, as well as by that spirit of the genius loci, which, as already intimated, characterizes the book.

Part of an Article in Household Words.  
PRENDERGAST.

WHEN General Evans was selected by the Spanish Government to bring a legion of British subjects to fight the cause of Isabella Secunda against her most unnatural uncle, Don Carlos, I had the honor to belong to the Tenth Munster Light Infantry, and to serve under the orders of Colonel Maurice O'Connel, a near relative of the then popular agitator. The Tenth was raised, as the Yankees say, in the wilds of Kerry, and nearly seven hundred stalwart peasants, bred and born in what they loved to call the "O'Connell Country," were mustered in Cork Barracks, previous to their departure for the seat of war. Many of these men's relations followed them from their mountain homes and remained with them to the very moment of embarkation; and as I had been selected by the Colonel to pay the privates certain instalments of their bounty-money, and to perform other acts of duty that brought me into constant intercourse with them all, I became acquainted with many eventful histories. Among my other duties, I had to keep a strict account of the disposal of the money given to me for distribution; and as I was allowed the services of a clerk, I selected from among the soldiers a young man of superior manners and address, named George Prendergast, whose history, as gleaned from his comrades, had much interested me. Prendergast was the son of a widow, in Dublin, who gave him the best education her small means could afford, by which he profited so well, that he became a pupil in a training-school from which teachers in the national schools of Ireland are selected, and was eventually appointed to take charge of an important school on the beautiful domain of Sir Ulick Mastragh in Kerry. Here, by his attention to his duties and admirable behavior, he soon became a special favorite. He was the welcome guest of all the respectable farmers in the neighborhood; even the great Sir Ulick himself, a man endowed with the stiffest family pride, was more than usually condescending to the schoolmaster.

Devoted to his scalling, Prendergast worked with an energy and a good-will hitherto unknown among people of his class; and his scholars, from being semi-civilized dolts, began to astonish the neighborhood by their proficiency in various branches of learning,

the acquirement of which was looked upon as next to marvellous. The fame of Sir Ulick's school was bruited throughout the surrounding parishes. Periodical examinations were established; and it became the fashion among the ladies of the neighborhood to ask for permission to undertake the lighter branches of education among the scholars. Foremost among the aspirants for this honor were the three daughters of Sir Ulick Mastragh; the eldest, a tall, dashing brunette of two-and-twenty, who was engaged to an officer then quartered with his regiment in England; the second, an earnest, trusting, enthusiastic girl of twenty; the third, a merry little chatterbox of eighteen. All these young ladies were constant in their attendance at the school; but the second girl, Eleanor, seemed the most interested in the welfare of the children, and, it must be avowed, of their instructor. She was better educated, better read, had more appreciation of the refined pleasures of literature and art than the generality of girls brought up in a rural Irish district; and she would turn with delight from the inanities of the military officers quartered in the neighborhood, and from the sporting talk of the squires, to the calm, rational conversation, and respectful yet earnest address of the young schoolmaster. The upshot of this may be easily guessed—they fell in love with each other. The visits to the schoolhouse were redoubled, and for some months the course of their true love ran smoothly enough. At length the rumors of this attachment, which had been floating about the neighborhood, and which, it is said, were originated by certain elderly damsels who themselves had hoped to make an impression on Prendergast; these rumors, I say, reached Sir Ulick's ears. The result may, in the beautiful language of the newspapers, be more easily imagined than described; the proudest landowner in Kerry was not likely to be too well pleased at the thought of having a penniless, low-born schoolmaster for a son-in-law, and he reviled poor Prendergast in the strongest terms, upbraided him with treachery, and declared his intention of getting him removed from his position. To a sensitive mind like Prendergast's this was more than enough; broken-hearted and dispirited he wandered from his home, and reached a neighboring village just as a the recruiting-sergeant was picking up men for

the Queen of Spain's service. Without a care for the future, he accepted the bounty at once, and, in a few days, was busily engaged in my barrack-room, checking accounts of moneys received and paid, while his mind was wandering far away among the green hills and valleys of his native county. That he kept up a correspondence with his beloved, I knew; for he daily received long and closely-written letters in a female hand, and seemed to suffer much mental agony after their perusal.

Our time at Cork was nearly up, and the officers sick of the routine duty they had been put through, were hailing our departure with delight, when, two days before the date fixed for our sailing for Santander, Prendergast came to me in a state of great agitation, and begged me to use my influence in obtaining for him a short leave of absence. He urged his invariable punctuality, and stated that he had not intended to have quitted the regiment even for an hour, but that he had that morning received a letter telling him of the serious illness of one whom he loved more than all the world. I had such great reliance on the man's integrity that I never doubted his intention to return; I made the matter one of personal favor with the Colonel, and Prendergast left us. The two days passed away, and late on the evening before we were to sail, the muster-roll was called, on the deck of each of the two large steamers anchored in the harbor of Passage, which were to convey us to our destination. Every man answered to his name, except George Prendergast. He was still absent, and his absence gave rise to innumerable little sarcasms directed against me by my brother officers, who, as we stood smoking our cigars on the quarter-deck of the old Earl of Roden, were pleasantly facetious about my protégé, the deserter. Suddenly the splash of oars announced the approach of a boat, and, to my delight, in answer to the hail of the sentinel, I recognized Prendergast's voice, telling his boatman to remain alongside. A minute afterwards he had made his way to me, and, after saluting, begged a few moments' private conversation. I took him to my cabin, and once there, in a face blanched with despair, and in a voice broken with emotion, he told me that he could not go with the regiment; that no

earthly inducement could prevail on him to leave Ireland. His reasons he would not give, but he produced a small canvas-bag full of sovereigns, which, he said, were the savings of several years, and all of which he offered as his purchase-money. He stated that he could easily have deserted, but that in honor he felt himself bound to me,—would I now assist him in his extremity?

Of course I could not receive his purchase-money; and, as the Colonel was on board the other ship, I could but report the circumstance to my immediate superior officer, who at once, and emphatically, refused the request. When morning dawned, we were under weigh and standing steadily out to sea. Prendergast's boat had long since returned to the shore, and he himself was silent and morose. I think I never saw such utter despair as he then betrayed; he went through his duties mechanically, but without uttering a word; nor did his manner change until we arrived in the harbor of Santander, and saw our companion steamer, which had arrived one day before us with the other portion of the Tenth, riding at anchor in the offing. As soon as she signalled us, a boat put off from her and came alongside of us, and a soldier, whom I recognized as the Colonel's orderly, hailed us with an order that Private George Prendergast should immediately proceed to headquarters. He obeyed, as a matter of course, and speculation at once became rife as to the cause of his summons. Some said that he was to be at once court-martialed and flogged—some that he had turned out to be an heir to a dukedom—but the real truth of the story was this:

Three days after the vessel with the Colonel and staff had been at sea, it was discovered that a young girl had concealed herself on board. She was immediately brought before the Colonel and questioned, when she avowed herself to be the second daughter of Sir Ulick Mastragh, and the betrothed of Private George Prendergast, of the Tenth Munsters. She said she had written to her lover, appointing a last interview, but that before the time came so persecuted was she by her father, that she determined to leave her home. In disguise she reached Cork, and managed, through the kindness of two of the men, to whom she confided a portion of her story, but whose names she would never disclose, to

slip on board the ship. Over-fatigue, hunger and excitement, brought on an attack of high fever. In her ravings, she repeatedly uttered the name of George Prendergast, and her connection with him was thus first discovered. The Colonel, of course, was wroth—very wroth—with both the lovers; she should be sent home instantly by the first ship to her father, Sir Ulick; but this she positively refused to agree in, and in her refusal she was aided and abetted by the wives of all the married officers, whose interest was powerfully excited by the romance of the affair. So the Colonel, like a sensible man as he was, soon gave in, and the lovers were married as soon as we got into barracks. Mrs. Prendergast became at once the pet of everybody in the regiment; and after a very short time I lost my clerk, as Prendergast was promoted to duties which brought him into more immediate contact with the Colonel.

A year passed away—a year, during which the Legion suffered numberless hardships and passed through numberless dangers—but through hardships and dangers this high-born Irish girl always bore herself bravely and ably doing her duty to her husband. Prendergast was now a sergeant, a daring soldier, and one likely to win further promotion. He was the Colonel's prime favorite; every officer of the regiment spoke well of him; and his wife and her baby—for she had a little son of a month old—were adored by all the ladies.

But theirs, like all other human happiness, was not without a cloud. The great battle on the fifth of May, 1836, had been fought, the Carlists had been driven back, and the Legion was lying encamped outside the walls of San Sebastian. The Tenth Munster lay at the extreme verge of the line; and next to us was a Scotch regiment, with the men and officers of which we soon became very friendly. Among these officers, the most frequent and the most welcome in our lines was a Captain Evan Hepburn: a tall, dashing, high-spirited fellow, whose father was a laird of one of the Western isles, and who, after having been expelled from Sandhurst, rusticated at Cambridge, and forbidden the paternal roof, had obtained a commission in the Legion, and had already rendered himself conspicuous—not less by his reckless audacity,

than by the extraordinary attachment exhibited towards him by a gigantic Highland piper, serving with the regiment, whom he had chosen as his body servant, and who, indeed, was scarcely ever absent from his side. Closely attended by Archy Ledingham, as the piper was called, Captain Hepburn was a daily visitor in our lines, friendly with the officers, genial with the men, and passing no one without a kind word or glance; but it soon began to be noticed that he invariably halted for some little time at Prendergast's tent, into which he passed, while the Highlander remained keeping watch outside. These visits constantly paid to a very pretty woman, invariably during the absence of her husband on regimental duties, of course soon became the subject of comment among the scandal-mongers: who began to mention Mrs. Prendergast's name, at first with smiles, and then with scorn; and who would probably have proceeded further, in their amiable self-imposed task, when an event occurred which effectually silenced them.

One morning (the particulars were not generally known for some time, but they oozed out, as all secrets will): one morning, Mrs. Prendergast made her way to our Colonel's tent, and, flinging herself on her knees before him, implored his protection from the persecution to which she was exposed by Captain Hepburn, and of which she dared not tell her husband. That morning, she said, she had told him she should seek the protection of the Colonel, and he had left her tent vowing vengeance. The kind old Colonel raised her from the ground, comforted her in the best manner he could, told her she need fear no further molestation, and dismissed her trembling, but re-assured; then, after consulting with two or three intimate friends, he despatched a strong letter to the commanding officer of Hepburn's regiment.

Within an hour's time from the despatch of the letter, Colonel Saunderson entered our lines, and sought an interview with our Colonel, in which he stated that he keenly felt the disgrace which Captain Hepburn had brought upon his regiment, not only by his persecution of Mrs. Prendergast, but by his indulgence in gambling, and the ruin he had entailed upon some of his junior officers. Colonel Saunderson added, that he had on the previous day severely lectured Hepburn

for his conduct, and that on the receipt of this fresh complaint he had again sent for him; but, that the orderly who bore his message had utterly failed in delivering it, for neither Hepburn nor his Highland follower was to be found.

The thought that they had deserted to the Carlists at once struck all who heard the story, and the confirmation of the idea was not long wanting. That night, a company of the Tenth Munsters, of which I was in command, and a company of the Scotch regiment, were told off to perform outlying picket duty, that is, to form our foremost cordon of sentries, nearest to the enemy's lines. It was a black and heavy night; we had marched on without speaking—the two companies in close proximity; when, as we neared the place where the sentries were to be posted, we heard the distant tramp of the enemy's relief guard going their rounds, and the shrill notes of a bagpipe rang through the air. I still distinctly hear the subdued growl of indignation which rose from the Scotchmen when this sound smote upon their ears, and the deep Gaelic oath of vengeance which they uttered, as the well-known notes of the old Jacobite air, "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?" came surging over the plain.

For three days and nights this continued; the piper went round with the relief every time the guard was changed, playing as loudly as possible all his old national tunes, and goading his ancient comrades to madness.

On the morning of the fourth day after Hepburn's desertion, it was determined to attack the Carlist lines: principally with a view of driving the enemy from a row of two-storied stone huts, which they had fortified, and from whence they could keep up a most harassing fire on our sentries. The action commenced at seven o'clock; and, after three hours' hard fighting, a tremendous charge of our gallant fellows broke the Carlist lines, and sent them in full retreat to their row of fortifications. Here they halted, re-formed, and again advanced. Often, in my dreams, rings in my ears the demoniac yell with which the decimated Carlist band rushed upon their victorious pursuers, cheered on by a tall and handsome officer, in a fantastic uniform, in whom, even amidst the smoke and carnage, I recognized E. Hepburn. I

looked, but could not see Levingham by his side; I cast a hurried glance along my own ranks, and discovered Prendergast within a few feet of me. By the expression of his face I saw that he, too, saw and knew his old enemy; in an instant his musket was at his shoulder, and before the opposing lines clashed together, and with the cheer yet ringing on his lips, Captain Hepburn fell to the ground a corpse, shot dead by Prendergast's hand.

The action was over, the last desperate attempt of the Carlists had been repulsed, their fortifications carried, and they themselves utterly routed. I was wandering about on the plain, endeavoring to muster the remnants of my company, when I came upon a little knot of soldiers, bending over what I imagined, at first, to be the dead body of some favorite comrade. Pushing through the crowd, I discovered, the body of Prendergast's wife. She had left the lines with a flask of wine and some bread for her husband, and was making her way towards the place where the conflict was raging, when a portion of a shell struck her in the chest, and put an end to the earthly trials of this devoted girl. Sick at heart, and with tears in my eyes, I was turning from the group, when my arm was pressed by the kind grasp of the old Colonel.

"That is the saddest sight I ever saw," said he; "worse, far worse, than a scene I have just come from. You recollect that scoundrelly Scotch piper who deserted with Hepburn? He had built himself into one of those stone huts, but the men of his old regiment found him out, burst into the place, and discovering him in the second story, four of them seized him, two by his hands, and two by his feet; and, then, chaunting meanwhile a dismal Highland croon, they swung him between them, and dashed out his brains against the wall."

Twenty years have passed since that day, and not many now remain to whom these circumstances are known; but in the lunatic ward of the Kerry County Hospital there is still a tall, grey-haired, soldierly-looking man, who is pointed out as "the poor sergeant whose lady-wife followed him through his campaigns, and died on the field of battle."

From The Saturday Review, 28 Nov.

### THE CAUSES OF THE CRISIS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the recently reported failure of another large provincial Bank, the worst of the crisis appears to be over, and enough has transpired to indicate the real causes of the disaster. Under present circumstances, the morbid anatomy of trade, as exhibited in the failures that have occurred, may be a serviceable, though not a pleasing study. It is very material to ascertain whether the troubles we have been passing through are to be attributed to unavoidable accident, or to the wilful errors of speculative houses, acting in full knowledge of the mischief they might do, and in the confidence that if matters came to the worst, Providence, in the shape of Lord Palmerston, would step in and save them from ruin. If the latter is the real state of the case, there is an end of the argument that commercial crises are to be regarded as the work of destiny, to be met by exceptional relief, instead of being averted beforehand by the warnings of an inflexible law. The apologists of Lord Palmerston of course attribute all that has occurred to the mischance of the American panic; but it is daily becoming more evident that the direct influence of this disturbance, serious as it must needs have been, would not of itself have prostrated our commerce or led to any interference with our monetary laws. The principal houses which have really a right to attribute their suspension to the failure of American debtors, are already re-establishing themselves on a creditable footing. All they required was time; and they have been able to offer an early payment of all their liabilities with interest in the meantime. Failures such as these would never have produced the panic which has lately prevailed in this country. But there is another and very different type of commercial disaster to be found in the majority of the suspensions which have been reported. We have more narratives of the manufacture of fictitious bills, and we have accumulating evidence of the extent to which the system has been fostered by the speculative policy of banks and money-dealers. It is not to ignorant or unlucky traders that the panic is to be attributed, but to those whose special business it is to understand and to act upon the principles by which the money-market is governed.

They did understand them, and one of the principles on which they relied was that they might be careless of risk, because Government would step in to save them from its ultimate consequences.

Now, if these are the real facts, how entirely do they dispose of the arguments which are urged in favor of relaxing the stringency of our monetary laws. We are not now referring to those declaimers against the Bank Act who grow fervent about arbitrary interference with the issue of paper, and who believe, in all simplicity, that Peel's Act is a subtle contrivance for maintaining a curiously artificial standard of currency. These gentlemen can never be got to see that the Act, so far from interfering with the natural course of trade, does exactly the reverse, by prohibiting the arbitrary creation of conventional money, which would interfere, and is always intended to interfere, with the natural flow of bullion and the market rate of interest. Against fanatics of this stamp silence is the only weapon. But there is another class of theorists to who the facts we have noticed ought to bring conviction. They are men who attack the Bank Charter Act not from ignorance, but from want of faith. They know that the law of which they complain is simply an enactment that the trade in money shall be left to itself as completely as it would be if Bank-notes had never been invented. They admit that it combines the convenience and economy of paper with a flow of coin as free from artificial regulation or disturbance as the supply of the necessities of life now fortunately is. But they say that the self-acting rule of Free Trade, which is best in every other case, is not the best law for the trade in money. They recognize the broad truth that the complicated action of the separate interests of traders all over the world, if let alone, will carry every thing where it is wanted, in the right quantity and at the right time. They will trust this principle to furnish the millions of a city like London with their daily food and their daily luxuries—as it does, without stint or waste, and with a success which the ablest commissariat staff could not attain to in supplying an army of as many thousands. But no sooner do they begin to talk of gold than they refuse to put faith in the principle which, in every other discussion they accept as a safe and certain

guide. And yet the doctrine rests on a foundation which must be universal. It cannot be questioned in any one of its applications without rejecting the assumption on which the whole science of political economy is based—viz., that in the main, men will pursue their individual interests, and will have intelligence enough to see in what they consist. If merchants failed to show this amount of intelligence and prudence in the general management of their business, free trade would be a disastrous failure, and we should constantly hear appeals to Government for relief against periodic famines. If the same measure of prudence were displayed by those who conduct the trade in money, panics would seldom occur, and never in the aggravated form which they now assume.

There is no way of teaching wisdom but by letting men feel the consequences of folly. It needs no extraordinary sagacity to distinguish prudence from imprudence in money dealings. The merchant who scatters accommodation paper about the market, knows very well that he is playing at a dangerous game. The money-dealers who make advances on questionable securities up to the edge of their means, rather than sacrifice a portion of profit for the security of an adequate reserve, are aware of the risks they run. Banks, whose capital is locked up in an unavailable form, must be conscious that the first breath of suspicion may bring them to ruin. Yet all these practices go on as a matter of course until a rise in the demand for accommodation, or a delay in the arrival of remittances from abroad, overthrows one establishment after another, and discloses an amount of unsound trading that leaves every man in doubt of the solvency of his neighbor. Now, what is at the root of all this reckless folly? Why do so many merchants, and money-dealers, and banks, carry on trade on a footing that involves such danger of eventual failure? The reason is obvious. The merchant, of course, relies upon his banker or his discount house to help him through any difficulty. The money-dealer thinks he may as well run matters fine, and so make the larger profits; for if a difficulty comes, what is the Bank of England for, if not to give assistance when it is required? He foresees, perhaps, that at the very time when he is likely to be pinched, the Bank itself may not have the means to supply the

wants of every applicant. But that is a risk which the speculator does not dread, for he is quite satisfied that in such a strait legal restrictions will be set at nought, and notes will be forthcoming to stave off the ruin which he has deliberately risked. It is in vain to expect that a more wholesome system will ever be introduced while men are tempted to carry on business, in defiance of every maxim of prudence, by the assurance—it matters not whether express or implied—that the law shall always be suspended in time to avert their ultimate crash.

If it is said that it is impossible to prevent over-trading, and that the mischief is done without any deep calculation as to the course which the Bank or the Government may take, the facts of the present crisis furnish the answer. The offenders are not only or chiefly a multitude of small traders, doing all the business they can grasp, and who might perhaps be fairly assumed to have acted without much reference to the Act or its suspension. Men of this stamp can not of themselves bring about a crisis. It requires the assistance of indulgent bankers and great discount houses to make trade thoroughly rotten. If the dealers in money were to act with uniform prudence, as they would be compelled to do if they had no Government interposition to look to in the last resort, over-speculation could never be carried to a very formidable extent. The fault must always lie in great measure at the doors of the particular class of traders who have been the especial instruments in bringing about the present crisis. They are not men on whom a rigid enforcement of the law would be lost. They would see at once the necessity of adopting a more cautious style of business, when they had no longer the assurance of indefinite aid from the Bank of England. Their prudence would react upon their customers, and though it would be idle to suppose that we can escape altogether from periods of pressure, the chief engine for the encouragement of over-speculation and the production of commercial panic would be converted into a sound element of the mercantile body. On the other hand, if any sanction is given to the practice of suspending the Bank Act on every difficulty, the wildest of the banking and discount establishments will be justified and encouraged in a course of business which renders a crisis

no longer an accident to call forth compassion, but an event coolly foreseen and deliberately courted.

From The Saturday Review 12 Dec.

#### THE CAUSE OF THE PANIC.

NOTHING shows so clearly the extent to which the interests of commercial nations are interwoven one with another, as the progress of a panic. Like the cholera, it ranges from one end of the globe to another, seeming occasionally a little capricious in its visitations, but for the most part following laws at least as well understood as those which govern the march and determine the intensity of a physical epidemic. There are countries as famous for originating panics as others are for the development of infection. Other localities, again, are prepared by their commercial position and habitudes to receive the taint at the earliest moment. Some are fortunate enough to lie out of the regular track and take the disease only in a mitigated form. For some of these variations in the time and intensity of the visitation, it is not difficult to account, while others are so puzzling as to appear to be due to occasional and accidental causes which are hidden beneath the surface of affairs. The general progress of the present disturbance is, however, intelligible enough. America had almost a prescriptive right to set the ball rolling. Her youth and her position, her expansive energies and her comparatively slender capital, her speculative temper, the laxity of her morals in money matters—and, more than all, her free banks, and her more than free press—all conduce to make commercial revulsions quite a natural production of the soil. It was a necessity, too, that the wave which originated in the United States should overflow England before reaching any other country. With so many Anglo-American houses in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, it was hopeless to think of escaping altogether, though there have been abundance of indications that, if our own general commerce had been in as thoroughly sound a state as it was almost universally supposed to be, the American insolvencies would have produced but a slight commotion. After England, Hamburg was likely to be the next sufferer, and now that the trouble has reached that unlucky city, it has borne it even worse than we have. But there seem to have been two concurring,

though independent, causes of the extreme severity with which the blow has been felt in Hamburg and Altona. The whole trade of the North of Europe has collapsed to an extent which cannot be wholly attributed to the reaction of the American pressure. There must have been some inherent rottenness in the condition of this branch of commerce, to have led to so many failures both here and in Hamburg. It almost looks as if there were two distinct centres of disturbance—one in the American, and the other in the Northern trade, mutually increasing one another, and adding to the difficulties of those countries which, like our own, had extensive connexions with both.

The comparative exemption of the non-commercial nations of Europe from the prevailing distress is only what might have been foreseen, and reflects no special credit on their peculiar modes of supervising and patronizing industrial and speculative operations. But they were out of the circle, and the only way in which the convulsion could reach them was by creating an unusually high rate of interest, and some disturbance of their foreign exchanges. Apart from any consideration of the monetary systems which prevail in the different countries which have suffered, the relations in which they stand to the localities whence the mischief sprang are enough to account for many of the deplorable results that have been witnessed. But the severity of the visitation has been far greater than it could have been had it fallen upon communities prepared by a previous course of sound and profitable business to bear up against it. Much has been made of the cessation of our usual supply of gold from America, but after all it was only a very few millions at the outside that were withheld, and this loss alone would not have sufficed to create a very extensive derangement of our money market. The amount of debts which ought to have been met by acceptances from America was no doubt much greater, and the failure of the American houses is quite enough to account for the difficulties of one class of traders among ourselves. But the mere withholding of bills which English houses would otherwise have brought into the market to discount, however ruinous to the individual merchants, would not of itself have led to the excessive demand for accommodation that has culminated in the tempo-

rary suspension of our monetary system. Unsoundness at home must have been, both here and in Hamburg, the chief element in extending the mischief beyond the immediate circle of the houses in direct connexion with the United States. However high the rate of discount might have been raised by foreign demand, there would have been no panic here had the business of our own banks and analogous institutions been conducted with reasonable prudence.

The same may probably be said of the Hamburg crash. In fact, from beginning to end, it has been in a high degree a banking affair. Loose banking in America began it. Bill-broking rashness and Scotch banking brought on the climax with us, and now the banks and discounters of Hamburg are falling one after another. The prevalence of speculative money dealings, in all three countries, destroys the value of the comparison that might otherwise have been drawn between the systems of currency adopted in America, England, and Hamburg. Notes upon a basis of securities, with little or no gold, constitute the Transatlantic currency. In Hamburg every note is a representative of so much actual bullion in deposit. We have an intermediate system. Yet none have escaped; and if we can learn nothing else from what has happened, we may be assured of this—that it is possible for the mischievous energies of speculators to derange the affairs of a country, whether its currency be governed by the wisest or the weakest regulations. It is some satisfaction to know that the root of the evil among ourselves will not be allowed to escape observation. We do not imagine that repressive legislation can be founded on any inquiry into banking practices by a Committee of the

House of Commons; but it is not unlikely that the revelations to be obtained by such an inquiry might have some influence in correcting the system which has led to such fatal results. America, having been first to yield to panic, is showing now the earliest symptoms of revival. With a prudence creditable to themselves, though indirectly injurious to us, the suspended banks in New York and other States never for a moment relaxed their endeavors to prepare for a resumption of specie payments. Already they have recovered their normal stock of gold; and, to use the graceful language of the *New York Herald*, "We have Wall-street alive again—stocks going up like rockets, and speculators making money like dirt." We must beware, indeed, of relying too much on this estimable print, for it appears now to have become, by an intelligible transition, as enthusiastic in encouraging confidence as it was a month or two ago energetic and successful in creating panic. There is every appearance, however, of a decided recovery in America, which will help our own progress towards a natural condition of trade. Hamburg alone has shown no sign of improvement; but it is to be hoped that the worst has been reached, and that the steady co-operation of her citizens in their attempts to meet the panic will not long remain fruitless. The formation of a discount bank to meet the emergency is certainly a safer and more rational form of relief than the step by which we have laid the foundation for a regular series of similar misfortunes. When things shall have taken a favorable turn in Hamburg, the crisis will be everywhere over, and the trade of the world will begin a fresh career—we wish we could say with some new store of wisdom gathered from the experience of recent calamities.

By far the most important animal in South Africa is a little fly called the tsetse, which determines the fortunes and habits of thousands of men. It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is nearly of the same brown color as the honey-bee. Its bite is certain death to the ox, the horse, and the dog, but is entirely harmless to man, mules, asses, goats, swine, all wild animals, and even calves as long as they suck the cows. If a man is bitten, a slight irritation follows, but there are no further effects: nor are there any immediate effects when an ox is bitten, but a few days afterwards emaciation

commences, and the animal pines away. The poison operates on the blood, and is injected through the proboscis, and not by a sting. Fortunately, the tsetse is local, and although found in one valley may never come near the next. But as there is no remedy known, and as a very few flies will destroy a whole herd of oxen, there are many tribes that abandon any attempt to keep oxen or horses, and between contiguous tribes the possession of the localities free from tsetse is a constant object of jealousy and dispute.—*Saturday Review*.

## ON THE CULTIVATION OF TRUFFLES.

Up till a very recent date, it was universally believed by naturalists that the truffle was a purely vegetable production. Recent researches have thrown considerable doubt upon the subject, and one gentleman thinks that he has demonstrated its animal origin. The gentleman to whom we refer, M. Martin Ravel, of Montagnac, near Riez, Basses Alpes, is well known as one of the largest truffle merchants in France; and as he combines with his mercantile pursuits those of a diligent and painstaking naturalist, his opinions are entitled to the highest consideration, although very decidedly at variance with the views of naturalists in general. This fact, however, would not justify a rejection of his views, but points out the necessity of caution in receiving them.

M. Ravel thinks that the truffle is produced quite accidentally in the vegetation of a peculiar kind of oak, by the puncture made by a fly. The tree he distinguishes as the *truffle-oak*, and the fly as the *truffigene*. It is assuredly no new fact in natural history, that certain flies do puncture certain plants, in order to produce excrescences in which to deposit their eggs; and that these excrescences vary in their character according to the nature of the plant and the insect. The gall-nut, or nut-gall, is a familiar example, being produced by the prick of the gall-fly, which causes the formation of gallic acid. M. Ravel assures us that the truffle is produced in a precisely similar manner by the truffigene in the fibrous roots of the tree. He thinks that the truffle may be considered as a species of gall: differing from it in being produced by a different insect, and in containing different chemical elements; but resembling it in being produced by an insect in its effort to provide a nest for its eggs, and food for its larvæ. The manner in which the truffigene proceeds is minutely described by M. Ravel. It may be seen in great numbers in winter time flying about the truffle grounds, and especially in the vicinity of the oaks which bear the truffles: it penetrates the ground, and makes its way to the fibrous extremities of the roots of the tree, and puncturing them, deposits its eggs in the orifice. A drop of milky fluid immediately oozes out, which slowly enlarges by the addition of nitrogen, obtained from the roots of the tree on the one hand, and from the air on the other.

Sometimes several drops of the milky fluid come in contact with each other, and unite to form those large, irregularly-shaped truffles so frequently seen: their shape and size varying according to the number of drops so united. The incipient truffle being fully formed, the roots from which it sprang die; and the truffle left to itself increases and expands, in virtue of the nourishment it receives, both from the earth and the air.

It is considered an additional argument in favor of M. Ravel's theory, that naturalists have never been able to discover in it any germ or radicle which a true vegetable is always expected to possess. The following account of the truffle and its mode of reproduction is given in Cuthbert Johnson's "Farmer's Encyclopædia":—"The truffle (*Tuber cibarium*) is a round fungus growing under ground, destitute of roots and leafy appendages. It absorbs nutriment at every point of its surface. The truffle is composed of globular vesicles, destined for the reproduction of the vegetable, and short barren filaments called tigellules; and the reproductive bodies, truffinelles. Each globular vesicle is fitted to give origin to a multitude of reproductive bodies, but only a few of them perfect the young vegetable. The parent dies: the truffinelles are nourished by its dissolving substance, and the cavity it originally filled becomes the abode of a multitude of young truffles: but many of them die, the stronger starving the weaker.

Neither the mode of propagating here described, nor any other, appears to have been very successful, and the dealers have had to depend for their supplies chiefly on the spontaneous productions of the soil; which were scented out by dogs trained for the purpose, and afterwards scratched up by them, or dug up by their masters. In conformity with M. Ravel's theory, a new mode of propagating is now proposed, and he has issued a circular announcing that he is prepared to supply the acorns of the truffle oak to those who may feel inclined to carry his method into practice. The only kinds of soil suitable for the cultivation of this plant are those of a calcareous or sandy nature; into which the acorns should be sown in the manner described by M. Ravel in his circular. He considers that at the end of five years the oaks will be ready for the larvæ of the truffigene fly, which he will be then prepared to supply to those who have purchased acorns.—*Titan*.

## LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast.  
*The Ancient Mariner.*

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—  
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks—  
"Bonny bird!" quoth she—  
"Sing me your best song before I go."  
"Here's the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped—you never heard  
Half so gay a song from any bird—  
Full of quips and wiles.  
Now so round and rich, now so soft and slow:  
All for love of that sweet face below,  
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour  
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine forth in happy overflow,  
From the bright blue eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the  
glade  
Peeped the Squirrel from the hazel shade,  
And from out that tree,  
Swung and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear—  
While bold Blackbird piped that all might  
hear—  
"Little Bell!"—pipéd he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—  
"Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return—  
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.  
Up away! the Squirrel hies—  
Golden wood-lights gleaming in his eyes—  
And down the tree.  
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,  
In the little lap drop one by one—  
Hark! how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!  
"Happy Bell!" quoth he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—  
"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut tree shade,  
Bonny Blackbird, if you're not afraid,  
Come and share with me!"  
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare—  
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare;  
Little Bell gave each his honest share—  
Ah! the merry three!

And while the frolic playmates twain  
Piped and frisked from bough again,  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below,  
All sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine out in happy overflow,  
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,  
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded arms to pray.  
Very calm and clear  
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen  
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene  
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,  
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,

Prays so lovingly!"

Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,  
Crooned the Blackbird in orchard croft,  
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair  
Murmured, "God doth bless with angel's care.  
Child, thy bed shall be  
Folded safe from harm—love, deep and kind,  
Shall watch around and leave good gifts be-  
hind,  
Little Bell, for thee."

—*Athenæum.*

## PALESTINE.

I TREAD where the twelve in their wayfaring  
trod;  
I stand where they stood with the chosen of  
God—  
Where his blessings were heard and his lessons  
were taught,  
Where the blind were restored and the healing  
was wrought.

O, here with his flock the sad wanderer came—  
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same—  
The founts which he drank by the wayside still  
flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breathed  
on his brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead and chains on her  
feet;  
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath  
gone,  
And the holy Shekinah—it's dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode,  
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God!  
Where my spirit but turned from the outward  
and dim,

It would gaze even now on the presence of him!  
Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when  
In love and in meekness he moved among men;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves  
of the sea,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me.

And what if my feet may not tread where he  
stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed him  
to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden in  
prayer!

Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near  
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;  
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh! the outward hath gone!—but in glory and  
power

The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

## THE CHAPEL-BELL.

THE wintry winds blow wild and shrill,  
Like ghosts they shriek across the moor,  
Or howl beneath the window sill—  
Or shake with gusty hands the door :—  
And hour by hour from some lone bell  
A wizard sound at night doth steal ;  
Sometimes 'tis like a funeral knell—  
Sometimes 'tis like a marriage peal !  
I know it is some fiend that stands  
Within the Belfry's ghastly gloom,  
And with its stark and fleshless hands  
Rings out dead souls from tomb to tomb.

I long to weep—I pray to sleep—  
But through the haunted house it sounds,  
And through my flesh the chill veins creep  
Like wintry worms in burial grounds.  
A weight is on my heart, my brain ;  
A shadow flits across the floor ;  
And then I know it is in vain

To pine, or pray, or struggle more !—  
Well—let the foul fiend ring till morn ;  
Till the red sun awakens men :—  
Yet though thus tortur'd and forlorn,  
What then I did—I'd do again !—

He thought 'twas fine to feign a love  
Which wooed my spirit to his feet ;  
He rais'd his false, false eyes above,  
And vowed—what's useless to repeat :  
Whate'er he vowed, there is no name  
So black on earth as his deceit ;  
Whate'er he vowed, there is no shame  
So vile as in his heart did beat !—  
Ring out, thou bitter fiend, till morn  
Awakes the prying eyes of men ;  
Yet prison'd—madden'd—and forlorn—  
What then I did—I'd do again !

Not slightly was I wooed or won ;—  
For years the whisp'ring false-one came,  
And nought a saint might fear to shun  
Forewarn'd me of the villain's aim :  
I loved him—loved ?—I would have died  
If dying aught to him might spare ;  
I would have every pain defied

To save him from a single care !—  
Toll !—toll, thou fiend, ring out and tell  
The murd'rous deed from goal to goal ;  
I know my name is writ in hell :  
I feel there's blood upon my soul !

The dawn arose, but not for me  
The bridal train did wait and smile ;  
As slowly, stately, three by three,—  
They swept in beauty down the aisle :  
I crept behind the pillar'd base,—  
The Bride's white garments fann'd my cheek ;  
The blood rush'd madly to my face,—  
I dared not breathe—I could not speak !  
Laugh out, thou fiend, laugh out and scorn,  
With mocking sounds, my weary ear ;  
Is there no other—lost—forlorn,—  
No other wretch whose life's a tear !—  
There rose a whisper—deep and low—  
A sound that took away my sight ;  
All things around me seem'd to flow  
And wander in a demon light !—  
I nerved my hand to grasp the steel,  
I stepp'd between him and his bride ;—  
Who'd think so black a heart could feel ?—

Could pour so warm, so red a tide ?—  
Is there no sinful soul but mine,  
Thou endless fiend, that thou must make  
These serpent sounds to hiss and twine  
Around me till my senses ache !

I had not stabb'd him—but I saw  
My noble father's thin gray hairs ;  
And that, perchance, which tears might draw  
Drew blood upon me unawares :  
I flung the shrieking bride apart,  
I sprang before him in his guilt ;—  
The steel went quivering to his heart :—  
Would God my own blood had been spilt !  
Laugh out, dark fiend ; beside me then  
A wilder sound than thine was spread ;  
A cry I ne'er shall hear again  
Till every grave gives up its dead !

Twelve months—dark months—I groan'd in  
pain,

A curse lay heavy on my head ;  
They tell me I have ne'er been sane  
Since that wild hour the bridegroom bled !  
They say no shadow stalks the room—  
No midnight tolling haunts the air ;—  
'Tis false—you hear it through the gloom !—  
And see the phantom passes—there !  
Mad—mad ?—twere blissful but to lose  
One hour from self ;—one moment free  
From thoughts that every hope refuse ;  
From life whose lot is misery !

Mad—mad ? as if the sense could leave  
The form it tortur'd !—never more  
Shall I do ought but rave and grieve,  
And wish—vain wish—this life were o'er !  
Away !—a thousand lives have gone,  
A thousand phantoms glide in hell ;  
But not one perish'd—no, not one  
So black in guilt as he who fell !  
Night after night, 'mid sounds aghast,  
That fiend, that spectre, haunts my way ;  
What shall I see when life hath past,  
And Night is mine that knows no day ?

CHARLES SWAIN.

Manchester, Nov. 3, 1857.

—*Literary Gazette.*

## SONNET.

TO GEORGE W. CURTIS,

*After a Lecture on Sir Philip Sydney.*

As when in youth we heard through evenings  
long,  
The flowing waters and the singing birds,  
In vales and groves that were our shrines of song,  
Till we dreamed music,—so thy matchless  
words,  
Discours'd so sweetly, with continuous strain,  
In after-hours remurmur through the brain ;  
And voice, mien, music in the memory blend-  
ing,  
Restore the hero to the mind again,  
And SYDNEY's self glows on the pictured stage,  
As when he walked with knights and queens  
attending,  
And charmed with lyre and sword a courtly age,  
When Poesy was crowned with his defending,  
And England, hero-loving, made his grave  
Green with the tearful homage of her best and  
brave.

Taunton, December, 1857.

A. M. I.

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## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English Language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

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